THE AERONAUT.

No . A.D. 1819

THE APOTHÉOSIS
Of The N.Y. LITERATI.

Dignus, dignus es entrare
In nostro docto corpore.

Chorus in le Malade Imaginaire.

Scene. A huge subterranean cavern, in the centre of an immense swamp. The throne of the Goddess enveloped in stagnant vapours. illuminated by Jack lanthorns, [illegible] putrid substances &c

IGNORANCE

is seated on the throne of brass, and supported by

CRITICISM & OBLIVION.

Ignorance is drest in a motley and tat-
-tered robe, covered with brass bells;
a fools cap garnished in like manner
and truncheon of lead. She con-tem-
-plates herself in an indolent and asper-
-cilious attitude, in a darkened mirror,
held close to her face, on account of her
near sightedness.

Criticism, a dwarf, masked, wearing
a hair shirt. Deformed and goggle
eyed; carrying his puppy dogs.

Oblivion a giant; his form dimly
discovered; wearing a wreath of pop-
-py and mandragora; and dozing
over a gothic of and an
immense pipe, in which he smokes
opium, in the fumes of which he is
enveloped.

The chorus consists of -

DETRACTION,	LYING,
ENVY,	VANITY,
PLAGIARY,	IMPUDENCE,
NONSENSE	BOMBAST,
PEDANTRY	SERVILITY,
&c &c.	&c &c.

And Criticism prologises.

Infernal thrones, almighty potentates!
Offspring of mighty Ignorance, whom she,
wandring in Glooms Cimmerian, musing deep
thy is her wont, on her own dignity
Did by miraculous chance at once conceive
without a sire! [for so the subtle air
And the salacious vapour that there reeks
From the broad Empire, did impregnate all
Her caves;] potent race! no higher lineage
Minerva's self could boast; no, nor the insects,
Which the west wind doth propagate in Spain,
Nor the amphibious monsters of the Nile.
Why need I tell what all of you do know;
But that it is my wont to iterate
What all do know - for this I hold forever,
Truisms can ne'er too often be repeated.
Know then that here, beneath the favor'd
soil
Of Mannahatta whilome, sages tell
Called

Your ancient dam her honor'd throne has
reard,
And as unworthy her prime minister,
Her tutor, guide, philosopher & friend
Ordained. The curtains of her empire wide
My ministering spirits spread & watch the
growth
Of every plant that shoots beneath their shade;
Nip in the bud the wild flower's scented leaves,
Trample and crush the tender shoot of mind;
Or scattering venom on the trunk erect
Defile its verdure; there we love to watch
The rank, strong stalk of the pestiferous weed
Trailing its serpent clusters; love to mark
The wolf bane's poisonous fibres shoot to life;
The gaudy daffodil and the sunflower proud
They cherish. Yet alas! too soon their toil
Must fail, for like the patient camomile
Genius revives tho' trodden to the dust.
O man! vain man! why waste the midnight
oil,
Drain, with its obscene rheum, the healthful
flow
Of life's pure currents, and its early bloom
Crop with suicidal and unsparing hand,
To win that vain illusion of the morrow,
A name, perpetual as the light of heaven!
Bow at our altars - fear no sacrifice,
No tasks, no steps of difficult ascent,

No fever of the spirits. (for the mind
loosing that cry Dalilah Science bears
More slights humiliating, and communicates
In the sad strings of the baleful Sapian
More slow consuming maladies to the frame,
Than ere were numbered in the Bills of
Death.]

Here lay'd in lethe, the stale furniture
Of plodding brains shall cumber them no more,
Health and good eating shall enable you
To propagate a vigorous progeny,
As ignorant as yourselves. and when the
hour
The inevitable hour that comes alike
To wits and dunces, gives your honor'd dust
To comfortable burial, shall our care
Consign you to the arms of great oblivion,
And your immortal part shall sleep as sound
As shall your perishable members. Hail!
Older than Chaos, venerable King!
Expectant of thy kind protection, thus
Low to Oblivion, Criticism doth kneel.
But know, great autocrats of this low sphere,
That our high mandate to a solemn diet
Summons this night the peers of All the
Talents,

The hour draws near. What is the time

IG. I know not.

OB. I know no time – I was before all time.
Man measures out his small account of years
As a poor grocer does his gills. But what?
Is channel houses equine clocks to tell
The dead, how much of time has slipt ...
their grasp?

CHORUS.

Hail Stygian shades, as shades deep!
Hail shimmering lamps to ignorance dear!
Hail slimy reptile brood who creep
Along these dropping caverns drear!

Hail vaporing mists and vapory folds,
The canopy for ignorance meet;
She wots not what her gaze beholds,
Your palpable obscure is sweet.

Symbol of power, hail throne of dross!
O sterling mine of ignorance reign
Not ores like think which all surpass,
Peruvias teeming depths contain.

Hail mystic three! ambition's type!
Its course in Ignorance begun,
Zoilus and Dennis, mimicks kept,
Till great oblivion's goal is won.

Three heads had that grim dog of hell;
Three Syrens sang; the fates were three;
Three furies fipled their doleful yell,
And all were prototypes of ye!

Enter certain PEDAGOGUES.

PEDS. We teach young idees how to shoot
Crooked, straight and all manner of ways;
We are authors and critics to boot,
And we wear both the birch & the bays.

Dumb music we make; tho' you laugh,
On a silent piano we mean;
We teach French in a day & a half,
And we parse with a wooden machine!

Astronomy is our delight,
The stars, sun and moon and her phases,
With Orion and Arcturus bright,
Pleiades, Cerberus, Pegasus.

In history too, tho' men scoff on
We likewise have taken great strides,
We know how to name old Xenophon
Herodotus and great Thucydides

The ghost of Priscian rises.

PR. Why do these foul and sacrilegious rites
Make each particular atom of my dust
Rattle with horror? from Cocytus' brink
Why am I called by your unhallow'd screams
Of barbarous dissonance? If the grey mass
Of your terraqueous substance were meet
To feel the lifted fury of my rod,
Alas! now shadowy as Hermes' wand,
How would I castigate the castigators!
Pray let me go from this infected sink,
Let me depart. (sinks) Dogs bark at him.

CAIT. Nay not your slovenly soul!
Use is the lord of speech, so Horace sings;
We've read his art of poetry in Smart,
And we can quote him pat. Noble S.M.S
Still trust to nature, what her organs prompt
To utter must be right. Yet could ye sometimes
Peep into Walker... he is one of us.

CHORUS

Go back to your boarding school,
Down below, Flogbottom
For authority and rule
All but Flats will scout 'em.

English was for freemen made,
Its quantity is common;
Brave S.M.S dont quit your trade
Never, not for woman.

English ally's fit for you,
Mutable and handy,
Yankey doodle, doodle doo,
Yankee doodle dandy.

Enter certain critics.

CRITICS. Poor broken backd lawyers, without any fees,
Our stomachs were empty, our dickeys clean holla
But now we're as fat and as sleek as you please
we are Judges and try all the suits of Apollo.
we issue all process by Ignorance led,
For we dont know nothing, and always did.

Pirns pens to wit: we arraign the poor dog,
Who picks not the bones which our friend love to
(gnaw,
For learning a baby, for taste a mere hog,
For original gumms, a chattering Jack-daw,
we prove him; his beauties are from us all hid,
For we dont know nothing & always did.

But when one of ourselves is delivered of nonsense,
Surpassing all Searson, & Mirchill & Allen,
we straddle his corpse as a matter of conscience,
And our sevenfold shield we extend o'er the fallen.
All the talents are ours. we stick up for our
creed,
For we dont know nothing & always did.

Just broke loose from college here others are come,
Smart boys we are reckond, considering our inches,
We can read & can write all the rest is a humm,
From abusing the tailor not one of us flinches.
We can figure away with the best of the herd,
For we dont be.

Four thousand subscribers we easily get,
Who pay us in coin for the trash we palm off on 'em,
And think that their consciences them will acquit
When nothing, for nothing, is paid by one half
on 'em;
They believe that their gas is as good as our gold,
For they dont be

Our creditors too thus to pay is but proper,
So we manage to dovetail both ends into one,
For bankrupts in wit we began, & a copper
We pay in the pound, when our business is done.
Thus hoaxes on hoaxes with all men succeed,
For they don't know nothing and always did.

Criticism shakes hands with his apostles, and congratulates them on their accomplishments. The substance of his long speech, stripped of its

slang, is as follows.

There was a time when we had no literature of any description. The next æra saw us dependant on the mother Country, for our supplies, which we were too dutiful criticise. The third epoch in our mental history found us enamoured of the gun-powder and brandy style of the French revolutionary jargon. Gallimatias was the order of the day; and its best specimens are found in fourth of July orations and descriptions of squalls and thunder-storms; which are admirably hit off in the Echo. The taste for this order of rhetoric remains yet among us in an inferior degree; and though criticism has succeeded in frowning its cultivators, it has substituted nothing better in its place. As a specimen of a modern thunder storm, the reader may find a version of one, in a note at the end of this volume. The elements of this third period of intellectual advancement are already consigned to oblivion; except that whenever a revival

=er commences a critique on a Poem, he begins by stating how Timothy Dwight wrote Greenfield Hill in 4 l. The fourth æra is rapidly reaching its meridi=an. It is the æra of sham criticism. The indefatigable labours of journalists and newspaper writers, have taught every individual in the community to sit down to the perusal of every new work, with all their virulent feelings about them. Their pleasure arises from detecting real or im=aginary error, and giving full flow to all the peccant humours of the sys=tem. No repast is grateful, without the pickles and hot sauce of criticism. Every body is now qualified to censure, while to the whole of the art. What is above one's comprehension, from the idea, we can call bombast, pronoun=cing the word in a way, for which we ought to have our brains basted - What is obscure to our apprehensions,

from the collocation of the words, we can call bad grammer. The body can abuse what he does understand, as easily as he can strike what is immediately before him. But the beauty of this previous preparation, of communicating acidity to the stomach, and destroying healthy digestion, is, that we can generally make out to misconceive, at the least to misrepresent the plainest and simplest proposition. Another cause for this, however, may be, that we swallow so much trash, with so little of the psyche's attrition to correct it, that we do not know what is good from what is bad. Tokay or dishwater will go down a drunkard's throat, and give him equal satisfaction.

Criticism therefore rejoices, that she is rapidly destroying all the charities of social life, by communicating to men his own worn and moron habit of mind and body. He particularly exults in his

proselytes among the female sex, who daily lose more and more of their ani-
= ability, under the diet and regimen prescribed by him. Every thing has now become the subject of comment and interpretation, from a newspaper adver-
:tisement to a sermon. The word of God can no longer be expounded by his servants, with any proper to two thirds of those who are listeners; which propor-
:tion are generally kept awake, by their desire of finding some fault in the instrument, by way of a salve for their consciences, while they neglect the vocation of the great Original. Having more caprice and delusion and affectation in this matter, than in any other habit-
= ual subject of like or dislike. A minister shall preach you cold, for-
= mal and puerile common places, in an obscure style; which gives reader and auditor the head ache, and when

de asphered gives them not the least compensa-
-tion for the ir trouble. This man shall be
the magnus apollo of all the Ladies in his
parish, when they have got used to hearing him
and Lauding him - Another apostle shall
come, with as much mind as his predecessor,
but without his tact; and evangelize the
same hum-drum story, and old two and
six pence over again, without any pompous
words and deceitful verbiage. In the
style of a Freshman's composition, or the
vacular sentiments of a copy book, he shall
preach up such doctrines as that "Benevo-
-lence is charitable" &c.; with a meek and
lowly utterance, which can give offence to no
one; and yet this gentle apostle will be cal-
-led a fool, and other worse appellations.
This digression by way of illustration.

Every attempt, whether laudable or
otherwise, in the literary way shall in
this age, be called by the name of the
vice, bordering on the beauty which is aimed
at. Youth cannot display its imagina-

tion, but its display will be characterized as fustian. And as fancy is connected with most sensibility, Criticism equally most in his power to damp its first ardors, and chill the vital spirit which should otherwise add fresh fuel to its appetite, till having spread over a mighty space, it might blaze up in a pyramid of fire, a beacon to all after ages. The sciences too, because imagination's pinions can alone bear up the aspiring mind to the unclouded regions of originality. Practical wisdom is a tact, acquired by experience, and depends forever on the same syllogisms. The science of morals extends but to a few relations, and has been exhausted by the wise. The record of things that were is confined to a chain of facts as they newly arise; and over the past there has always been an antiquity which no research could illuminate. In experimental philosophy we may look

indeed for discoveries. But imagination visits every system, sphere and element, and all the great globe containing, with that illimitable world the human heart are beneath the keen of her observation. Launched like the bold adventurer in the barks of the wizard, her votary is borne on the golden wave of romance; quitting the ultima Thule of reality, he is wafted to the sunny clime ruled by the Muses, and luxuriates in the fervency of the bright delusion. While the combinations of natural objects, and natural emotions are sphereless, originality must be in the power of the navigator. And here Criticism has fair room to snuff, at whatever is veiled and dazzling to the weak vision; as the savage is labouring, beholds with stupid hate, whatever exceeds their comprehension or surpasses their attainment.

Criticism may talk of the Classics of this period, since the accents of antiquity

are strange; and he is only accustomed to dole them out in an awkward form, to his friends and disciples, when they can pick up approbation no where else. He looks into futurity; and sees a fifth, and more glorious era dawning; upon which he shuts his owlish eyes, and turns to gives the gang before him, lessons in their art; which, however are so simple, and so soon learnt by the meanest bungler at the trade, that it is unnecessary here to note down that part of his speech. The Chorus then takes up its chaunt.

Strophe A.

The cycle of departed years
Again its changing course has rolled,
First came the early reign of gold
And next the iron age appears.
When fled the wanderer of the wood
From ocean monsters suffering flame,
And thro' the silent solitudes,
Our bold fore-fathers ancient came,

The sounding ages no Dryads scard
No Oryads on the steeps appeard;
And o'startling from the virgin wave,
No blushing Nainds sought their cave.
Rude were our sires, plain thrifty folks,
Who had no time to crack those jokes.

Antis Strophe. A'*

Then mark the golden age of mind,
No critic then usurpd his sway;
Men utterd what they had to say,
Plain honest thought, and unrepind.
Then was no fear of penal leach
Of rule; no cannons found for taste;
And then no only dodge of speech
Terror this' servile mortals cast.
Beyond its own immediate round
Mind had not tried the depths profound;
Ideal worlds, beyond their ken,
With them had no existence then;
And controversy's trump and sword
Our Fathers' ears had never bor'd.

Strophe. B'.

Next came the pure and silver age;
When ancient Albion's classic page

* An imitation of the 10 first lines of Ovid's golden age. Aurea prima sata est &c.

Long reverend held away unquestioned bore;
And sterling criticism shone,
Gleaming through all the sacred lore
Of Pope and Swift and Addison.

Antistrophe B'.

And next the brazen age had place,
Of geniuses a cruel race *
With thundering words and hot hope
Bestrode the clouds of eloquence;
Soaring beyond the bounded scope
Of reason and of common sense!

Epode.

Last the iron days prevail;
Age of small beer cities, hail!
Shame and truth and faith decease, +
Envy, fraud and lies increase;
Plagiary her shameless face
Rears, triumphant in disgrace;
Cautious must the ground be broken, °
"all the Talents" fair bespoken,
Or Criticism iron gripe,
Shall squeeze out bones and flesh & tripe,

* Serior ingeniis et ad horida promptior arma.
+ fugere pudor, verumque fidesque;
In quorum te.
° Communem que primus te. Met. I. I. Fab IV.

And hurl the writhing wretch away
Beyond the cheerful realms of day!

[Enter Mr Jones, Porter to the college, drunk, with an old brass eagle on a mop handle; escorting the Professors of the COLLEGE.]

Song of the Professors.

Last No of the Examiner.

Morituri verba. PERSIVS.

We have completed the number of papers, which we contemplated publishing, at the commencement of our course. Of late our numbers have appeared with great irregularity; as our individual occupations have left us less time to devote to writing.

Our Essays have been frequently desultory, yet much less de-

versified than we originally intended, we meant to have mingled rather our living tales and rocks, and a greater proportion of numbers, in many manners, with the strong words into which we have mostly adhered. But in the first place, there so little or no object for satire in our manners, which is not common to all generations, and has in it been the theme of morality, till it has become stale. And in the next place, there seems in Shakespeare nature, to be no medium between invisible and personal humility. We believe there has been no single stroke of well handled character or report, detected in the modern Satyrmundi: and, on the Bellinzopate side of the argument, we might make as certain reference to that other two-fanny offering; such as the first number of the Nic, which was in truth a most unmitigated piece of nonsense.

It may be said that if the people of our city and state have no natural absurdities in manners, they have marked vices, affecting social as well as mercantile and political intercourse. The solemn truth is readily admitted; but there are blots on the escutcheon of our character, which demand legislative castration; they are not ridiculous appendages, to be chastened off for chaste, at the feeling of satirists - but festering sores which require the moral medicine of the philosopher, and the knife of indignant justice.

The reasons why satire offers little scope for the castigation of the Gossip, among us, are strong; and mean all more or less be wedded with the equality of rank, familiarity of intercourse among all, and the industrious spirit of our community, which does not suffer

---

eccentricity and dissipation to attain that peculiar rankness and luxuri-
-ance, which call for the turning hook of the satyrist. Our very fine gentlemen are generally natural fools, who are fit for no manner of business, intellectual ~~or~~ mechan-
-ical; and who are too trifle to raise a laugh, even at their own expense. Our extravangies, and wonderful people are merely impor-
-ted; meteors of a moment, and birds of passage, which vanish or take wing, before you can make either an observation or an aim.

But were the manners of folly ripe for the pencil, our habits, asso-
-ciations and pursuits have less in different fields; our opportunities for demarcation casual and infrequent. Our genius, such as it is, has been expended on intellectual, not personal vanity.

+ We have attempted a series of translations, from the principal fragments of the great Lyric poets, as the least beaten ground

which the precincts of classical literature offer the object was humble; our confidence in our efforts is still humbler. Yet though our task consists solely in searching the dust of classic mind, and selecting from rubbish a few glittering particles, no labour can ever be misspent, in advancing the great and immortal cause of ancient letters, in a clime which vivifies the scenes consecrated by the genius of old, where the same fervent spirit breathes and burns that once illumined the grit of Salamis, and placed its undying beacon on Thermopylæ; but where that kindred enthusiasm of the muse which has preserved the record of glory, yet languishes in obscurity & dies in feeble aspirations. The restorer of philosophy in England was also the restorer of ancient learning; since at the magic touch of his omnipotent mind, all the beautiful imagery, the chaste morality, the brilliant

mythology, the torrid criticism, the sententious wit, which have formed the models of English excellence, and the religion of Grecian literature, arose from their rubbish, fresh in immortal youth, and garlanded with their perpetual laurels. There must be, there would become the Bacon or the Shakespeare of America, worship with long and unwearied devotion. With them are the talismans by which genius develops its energies, as it examines the halls and chambers of that vast city of the dead, where all that is august and venerable, renowned for arts and arms, hallowed by genius and disasters by pure, original simplicity — There is the ideal of taste. There the Aeolian lyre with all its tuneful chords! There is Helicon with her thousand springs. There are the masters of literature; the heroes of mind.

To study nature is to copy them.

Ever faithful to this great cause in our hearts, however unable to assert it, we cannot conclude without repeating this fundamental article of our creed, and renewing our deprecation against the majesty of ancient intellect and the charms of ancient song.

She can so mould Rome's her monument,
Written the liquid marble of her line,
That they do claim fresh miracles,
Even while they rip with unwanting dust
For her great dreams do then leave
Roman spring,
Chase, Laïm after death, with their
choice deeds,
Shining on their white shoulders - for
such parts,
Let Freemen reverence the Pierian arts.

A fourth part of these essays has also been occupied with commentaries on the theoretical and practical errors in our Constitution. (of N. Y.) and a series of papers on the Penitentiary system of discipline. On the latter subject we have felt more confidence than the former; though our own ground, as to the Council

of appointment, has been since covered more amply, with ability by another writer. I mind the policy of a change however, especially if it be intended to place additional power in the hands of an individual, be made a political question, every one must rather wish things to remain as at present, than give room to agitate its mischievous engine.

Our suggestions on the penal code, must receive the sanction of sensible and experienced men. The subject lies open to the scrutiny of plain reason: and the proposed improvements are based on successful experiment. Though no immediate good was expected as their result, perhaps they may have led some friend to humanity, to think on and act a important topic, - the reformation of society's offending members. And we trust that our appeal was never lost, on earth, or in a better world, which was urged from motives of pure philanthropy.

If we add a specimen of transla-

tions from Prometheus Chained, some occasional essays, letters and fugitive pieces, we have recapitulated the themes of our past efforts.

The plan of publishing a series of papers, on subjects so heterogeneous in their nature, in a daily newspaper, was perhaps singular. We could least expect to be generally read, in a periodical column, which are only gained over by curiosity and then destroyed, and we have always felt perfectly aware, that the minds of readers must have been desperately hard set for amusement, and have waded through all the scientific matter of perfumes and druggists, before they would turn to the stupidest. yet a newspaper was the only vehicle of communication with the public, which presented itself as feasible. and we should here be guilty of great dereliction from gratitude, did we forget, in the close

of our career, to return our sincere acknowledgments to the Editor of the Commercial Advertiser, for the punctuality with which our communications have been attended to; and the perspicuity shewn in their journal, with which we have been favored. And we shall ever esteem ourselves happy, in having our early productions offered to the candid of the public, in a paper whose columns are unsullied with the venom and bitter gall of contemptible party strife; and are always dedicated to the immutable interests of religion and Christian virtue.

From unripe and juvenile exertions of the mind and fancy, we never were vain enough to anticipate lasting fame; but the approbation of the wise and good, as the pledge of future reward, if merited by future exertion, was all we hoped; and we dare to state, that we have not hoped in vain. Patiently therefore we can bear to see premature oblivion overcome these essays like

Published in Literary Journal

MOSCHUS'
second Idyl. EUROPA.

Once to Europa came the Cyprian guile.
In a sweet dream, when the still tide of night
waned, and the morn was near. Then gentle sleep
Sweeter than honey on the eye lids falls,
Cares fly the mind, and the crowd'd orbs of sight
Are held by balmy fetters in repose.
And all the shadowy flocks of dreams are fed.
Then under the paternal roof reclined
Of Phoenix-virgin yet Europa lay,
And in her virgin soul two continents,
Asia & the' adverse shore, contend for her.
Each wore a female semblance - but the one
Of stranger garb and form, the other like

A native matron, claimed the maid her own.
She said she was her mother, and had cared
With delicate care her child. But the strange dame
Grew with strong grasp the not unwilling maid
Unto herself, and said she was her prize,
By the first best of eyes-tearing love.

From the down couch, yet damp with fear
she sprung,
Her heart quick throbbing, for from Love she deemed
The warning vision. All day long she sat
In silence, while upon her open eye
Stood the confusing spirales. When eve came,
Then first the virgin with a trembling voice
Told her complaint. "What heavenly habitant,
Bore these nocturnal visions? and what mean
The unwonted portents that have scared me so
In the kind couch in sorting slumber last?
Whose was the virgin face that I saw?
How clung my heart to her, and how she too
Fondly embraced and as her child beheld me.
But ye best gods! interpret well my dream."

Thus musing, she arose, and sought her friends
Swathed in rank youth, in loveliness
Blown still the fonest, or in the dance's maze,
Or framing in th' emaranian temple their soft
Their polished limbs; or o'er the downs wherein
They used to pluck the lilies scented pearl.

Soon the sea bound appeared, each one bore
A basket for her flowers, so on they tripped
Toward the meadow, sloping to the sea,
Some of their frequent wells, where they love
To view all rosy nature's beautiful tints
And hear the ocean's solemn murmuring voice.

Europa too her golden basket bore,
Rare workmanship of the ingenious God,
His bridal gift to Libya when she came

To grace earth-shaking Neptune's nuptial couch.
She to the fair Telephassa gave
The splendid present, being of kindred blood;
And she to her Europa, unespoused
As yet, transferred the relic. round its sides
The shining sculpture rose with curious art.
Here, wrought in gold, Inachian Io's form
Appeared, no longer woman, but as changed
By her rapid feet, through salt sea waves,
She seemed to swim; the humid waters rolled;
On a cliffs brow that overhung the sea
Stood Jove in person, who steered the heifer
Winning her way on ocean. There was Love
Sporting with his divine, compassionate hand
The Inachian transformation, who again
By seven-mouthed Nile, her female form assumed.
Smooth silver ran the current of the vale;
The heifer was of brass; imperial Jove
Blazed in refulgent gold. Below the wreath
Where twisted garlands crowned the basket rich,
Hermes sat piping; while extended near,
Argus lay glittering with his thousand eyes.
And from his purple blood, a bird sprang up
Exulting in his many tinctured wings,
Rich with the spoils of those translated orbs.
Spreading his tail-borne pinions he arose
Overshadowing the artful vessels brim.
Such was the top the said Europa bore.

So when they came among the verdant meads,
Each pleased what blooming what flower the
lured best.
The chose Narcissus for his dainty breath;
The the blue violet, one sad Hyacinth,
This vagrant thyme. Full many a petal fell,

Scattered from bounteous springs adorning hand.
Some chose the yellow cowslip fragrant-locks,
Contending in their innocent sport. But she
Their queen amidst them, culls with taper hand,
The rose warm blushing; she who all excels,
Like Venus mid the flowering grass seen.
Soft-love, sweet-maiden, shall thine artless soul
Aspirate mix its flames! not-long 'tis thine
To bear the chaste, the unmingled virgin wrath!
Fire on Saturn can her Egerian filiè
The immortal's soul. And 'tis the unerring shafts
Of Cypris flee. She only conquers Love.

He to avoid his consorts jealousy,
And win the maidens unsuspecting soul
Veiled all the god, and comes in form a bull.
But not-like him, who feeds in ruby-ear stall,
And not-like him, who the wide furrow parts,
Dividing before the clogged and ponderous plough;
Not, like the grazing train of common herds,
Not-like the slave subjected to the yoke
Who digs before the draught of loaded wain.
Of bright-ivy hue was his form graceful form,
Save on his front a silver circle shone;
And in his clear cerulean eyes there play'd,
Their sparkling flashes of his present-flame.
His equal horns rose circling o'er his head,
Each like the half-orb of the crescent-moon.

So to the meads he came, and coming struck
No fear into the virgins, but they all,
Drew near, with desires pleasure to behold
And touch the beautiful bull. He copiously
Respired ambrosial air, more sweet than all
The perfume from the scented meadow breathed.
Before their lovely queen his steps he stay'd,
Licked her white neck, & soothed with much caress

As he could give - and she, for gratitude,
Stroked his smooth hide, and with a soothing hand,
Wiped off the abundant foam around his lips,
Expert of blandishment. Then he in turn,
Sent forth his mellow tones, most musical,
That none could deem from the Aegaeian reed,
Breathed the soft melody. Then he knelt down
Before Eurotas' feet, and in her face
Looked wistfully; and turning round his neck,
Showed his broad back. She, understanding, cried,
To her long haired companions - "Let us mount;
"Come let us ride on the good-natured bull;
"For the wild bulls he tends to invite us, see,
"will fear us all, even like a gallied flock,
"And he is mild and gentle, more than usual
"Like other bulls. His mind seems human truly,
"He gambols round us with a graceful step
"And voice alone is wanting to complete
"The prodigy."

So saying, smiling she
On his broad shoulders sat; they too prepared
To follow, but the royal bull having won
The prize he came to carry, fleet of foot,
Swift tow'rd the ocean. She, with hands outstretched
Turning to her associates cried for help,
They could not give. She, having gained the shore,
Rushed forward, like a dolphin through the waves.
Upon her thighs she shook from them the sand, and all
Borne on the ocean's azure plain, sounding sea
Neptune himself, made smooth the watery plain
And to his brother showed the ocean path.
Round them trooped the Tritons tenants of the abyss
Of the deep profound; and they the nuptial song
Express - sounding conchs of mighty size.

Meantime the virgin, on the ample breadth

Of metamorphosed Jove, aloft upborne
Grasp'd with one slender hand the high arching horn,
And drew with this, a wonder-daunting beast,
The purple folding of her robe, above
The stiff'ning surface of the hoary main.
Thus o'er her shoulder, her head drapery flung,
Sagitta upheld the lady, like the sail
That wafts the bark. But ah! too far away
From her own shore, for aid round her anxiously
No wave washed beach she saw, no distant line
Of cringing mountains; but above, the blue
The expanding air; beneath, the unbounded sea.
Then in despair she faintly cried—"Where,
"Where dost thou bear me, thou disguised God?
"Who art thou? How with firm feet canst thou tread
"The yielding wave, nor dread the mighty deep?
"Above thy plain swift-sailing oar I run;
"The herds of earth taught not the billowy paths
"What fish, what beast beneath can thus find to please
"In thy inhospitable realms? Or sure thou art
"Of God, or else performs such miracles?
"The dolphins ne'er put on the solid earth,
"Bulls herd not on the ocean; then on both
"Finds't firm footing, and art now unmoist
"Rising like Leo the flying Book. Perhaps
"Never thou wouldst either waft'ed high
"Like the swift birds thou'dst win thy monstrous flight.
"Woe's me unfortunate! my father's hall
"Forever I have left, I know not where
"To wander, with this prodigy and thy
"This strange adventure on the treacherous sea!
"O thou preserve me, in thy mercy, Neptune,
"King of the hoary ocean! or I err,
"Or I behold thee, kindling now the path
"Before my progress. For without the act-
"Of power divine, this voyage could not be."

She said. The broad bound monarch answered her.
"Fear not, fair maid, nor dread the ocean-swell.
"Imperial Jove am I, in semblance thus
"All pliable; since I assume what form I please.
"Love for thee led me thus to change my shape
"And measure in my path so long a course
"O'er the deep waters. Crete shall welcome thee
"Which must myself. There solemn bridal rites
"Await thy coming. Then illustrious sons
"Shall from our union spring; whose royal line
"In long descent shall kingly sceptres sway."

He said; and as he said thus done. Even now
Crete rose before them. There the Thunderer took
A form imperial; there unbound the zone
Of virgin Europa, while the attendant-loves
Prepared the bridal couch prepared. The virgin
Became the spouse of Jove omnipotent.
[That prickly line him'several babies too.]*

*[Καὶ ῥείνοσθ τεκνε τηλε, ης αυτικα γ νετο μυτης]

This is a vile ending, and vilely prosody; and is probably the addition of some ingenious blockhead -

The Fourth Edyl, of BION.

The muses ranting Cupid do not fear,
They love the boy and still his steps are near;
Who woos their favor with a loveless heart
From him they fly, and will not teach their art;
But he, inspired by tuneful Love who sings
Shall share the theme their sacred presence brings.
Witness to all, and how true these words, am I,
Love and Love's Shepherds make my minstrelsy.
To others praise if I attempt to rise,
Soon my tongue falters, and the music dies.
But tune to them my warbling pipe I keep,
The graceful song flows smoothly from my lips.

The Third Edyl. of BION

I saw a sweet dream, almighty Venus stood
Beside me, and in her fair hand she led
The archin Love, nodding his playful head;
And thus she spoke, dear Shepherd, take this boy,
Teach him thy art for me. Thus having said
She left me. And, in my simplicity
My pastoral love to infant Love I taught.
How Pan constructed first the rustic pipe
Pallas the flute, Hermes the stringed shell
And sweet Apollo the resounding lyre.
These things I taught. He only mock'd my words
And went on singing his amorous chaunts;
Told me the loves of mortals and of gods
And all his mothers power. So I forgot
All the old songs I meant to have taught Love,
But still remember all that Love taught me.

THE AERONAUT.

MOSCHUS,
Fourth Idyl. MEGARA,
wife of HERCULES.

"My mother! why so sad? what cruel grief
Preys on thy soul, and will not woo relief?
What pangs the woes run thy cheek have worn!
Why weepst thou thus, forever, o'er thy son?
Is it that thy child, whose line descends from Jove
Unnumbered insults from a wretch must prove?
Yet is it fix'd to bear disgrace content
The lion's whelps' duty tamed by the hind?"

"Love me, when thus the gods have left forlorn,
Oh grief! woes me, that ever I was born!
To misery doomed! a virgin I was led
To share a godlike hero's nuptial bed,
Dear as the daylight to these weeping eyes
Him, my lost lord, my husband did I prize.
Him yet in madness and in misery lost,
Adore and honor, all mankind above.
Most wretched me, of all on earth that are,
When some have shed the bitter cup of care!
Unhappy man! whose dark'ning mind,
(Dread chaste of hates or furies be they named!)
Of his own children's breasts and bids them life,
Had roaming thro' his halls with kindred knaves
Her wife.

These eyes beheld my children by their sire
Hurled to the earth, and mangled in his ire.
Portentous vision! need as dread, no power
Had I to help them in their dying hour.
Their feeble arms outspread I heard their cry,
O mother! mother! while their fate was nigh.
As on her called from the parent walls,
Whom the fierce snake in peaceful grove assails,
While she with fluttering wing, fondly laments
Beholds the murder, fruitless to prevent,
Maternal anguish struggles with her fear
And horror of the unfeeling monster near,—
So hapless parent when my children died
Mad through the spacious halls I rushed
and wildly cried.

Him! weak woman's guardian! mighty goddess,
Why didst thou lose, relentless on the scene?

O, when my children's beloved sight
Gave vainly to my heart,
My weeping parents then with them
In one sad bond had kept me down
And when the fire with scorching
round,
Sunk smouldering into the flames upon
the ground,
Fond hands the ashes had explored to place
Her mingled relics in the golden vase,
United thus, when first they died their breath
The mother with her babes had left in tranquil
death.

In vain for sacred vengeance, now
The sick'ning Moslem stirs my patient blood!
Far from this bosom, Erminia, fierce foes
And Juno, still with child detain;
Unnumbered griefs foreturn her tomb
And tears forever flow, without avenger.

To the Aeronaut.

Gent.n

If I may be bold enough to inbude this poor specimen of my penmanship on your notice, my first attempt since I began writing hard, you will oblige me by satisfying my doubts on a very embarrassing point. Are the following sentences correct? "nobody but apothecaries were represented." "more besides." "It is a folly to suppose

that if it were necessary to cover the arms any more than the face." "which, if not equalled by the remainder, the bargain is void." "those who we remember to have been." "who they called major." "must never pretend or undertake." "who she hopes to bring to the point she wishes." These examples I have taken at random, out of innumerable kindred sentences, in the two first numbers of the New Series of Salmagundi. It cost me much trouble to learn my grammar, and, if the sentences quoted be correct, my labor has been to little purpose. Yet I heard one of the masters say that this Mr Salmagundi was a great author. Perhaps grammar is only fit for the vulgar.

Be so good, also, as to tell me, whether it is proper to put a comma between the nominative and verb, or adjective and substantive, when no word intervenes between them; or to leave it out between adjectives, nouns or verbs following each other: whether semicolons should not separate distinct members of compound sentences: and whether colons may not

sometimes be employed to advantage, when the connexion becomes still weaker? And also, whether, in all writings, aspiring to the character of classical, parenthetical interruptions of the sense ought not to be marked by a preceding and following comma?

The last rule is utterly disregarded in the work I speak of. The others seem to be followed as it happens; their violation being as frequent as their observance. For instance, "expensive ill-shaped and gaping exhibitions" "plain dress and unostentatious, independence". Instances of this glaring ignorance of the use of the colon and semicolon are too long to quote; and too numerous to render it necessary.

Yours respectfully.

A Sunday Scholar.

We publish our correspondent's letter entire, altho' the latter remarks are perhaps explainable away, on the score of typographical errors, and the familiar style of writing adopted by the authors of Salmagundi; which scarcely requires more strictness of punctuation than a common letter.

The barbarous blunders in pronouns and conjunctions, will however admit of no such apology; and it is sincerely to be hoped that Mr Longstaff is not, what he professes to be, "too old to learn", even if the critics could teach him."

Another correspondent has sent us a version of the first half of Ovid's

MEDICAMINA FACIEI.

Some learn to tell what cares adorn the face,
What arts can curl the hair, and give a graceful air;
The fertile earth reclaim'd by culture bears
The golden crops it bore all ages ago.
Culture on bitter fruits ingrafts a better nature,
The vine arose from poles, from pruning grows;
See the broad roof inlaid with shining gold,
The marble floor with varied veins is clothed,
The purple flowers in Tyrian cauldrons dyed
And deckt with ivory please domestic pride;
As lords of sapience, the princes dome throughout
While the base earth beneath it is forgot.

Happy when Saturn reigned, the Salic dame,
Thought that before herself, her fields she must reclaim;
The house-mother then, in chair immense
Knit all day long with tireless diligence.
Endor'd at night the flocks her daughter led,
And the large flame with twigs & billets fed.

Ye, modern dames! a softer race have borne,
Ye love your forms with costly robes t'adorn;
In varied braids the scented hair to twine,
With glittering rings to see each finger shine,
With India's gems surround the ivory neck,
The pendent ear with various jewels deck;
In sooth such cares most fitting are to gain
The smooth, sleek race of modern Gallicans.
To female care the stately, train gallant-boys,
And few the arts the bride can teach her
spouse;
Proceed then all! the votive verse by love
Inscribed, neat-nestled 'mid a crime can prove.
In rural shades the lone coquettes prepare
Ornaments & braids to bind their glossy hair;
The deep in vales which low'ring hills hides
But still for strangers unseen barricades;
To please one's self some happiness impart,
And then our talents gladden'd female heart.
So Juno's bird wide spreads the applauding
train,
And stands in rainbow majesty the plain.

Then Arts, ye fair, that spells more
potent prove,
Than all the herb-plead magic can com-
pound.
For not in plants no juices virtue lies,
Nor the foul virus the mad mare supplies;
No snakes by Marsian chants are stopt
before,
Nor rolls the backward current to its source;

And tho' fond hags their midnight orgies try,
The moon wheels on her heavenly course on high.

But first, ye fair, correct the mind aright,
For form still pleases, if the mind delight.
Such love last long, but time in beauty's prey,
Furrow the cheek much prais'd in former days;
The faithful mirror every hope will show,
And grief's stale add new wrinkles to the brow.
The ingenuous mind, unyielding to decay,
Adorns and charms, while beauties roll away.
Mind years as their feeble lord increase in vain,
Here love, a lingering captive, drags his chain!

Prefatory Number to the

Incandid and uncourteous reader,

The day has long past when "candide lecteur" was the proper style of addressing the public in a preliminary apology; and when that affectionate individuation of each member of that many headed monster the

words, was supposed to be a sop to the Cerberus of Criticism. When we use the word individuation, we have the authority of the redoubtable Editor of the National Gazette; and if any one says it smacks of affectation, he shall be intercalated into the next volume of "Great Britain and the United States," as being a bad man, and an ugly Christian.

But as to the phrase, uncandid reader, is it necessary to repeat here the so often condoled upon fact, that no one now fears an anonymous work, save for the purpose of detecting imaginary blunders? What boy of spirit, who has or has not got his parchment and his congé from the walls of a college, but has criticised all the great authors of the day? What printer's devils who has dirtied his paws with the said Hippocrene of modern literature, but has composed diatribes as he composed forms, and given

them birth in the next weekly repository of nonsense? This unhappy habit has produced the serious inconvenience, that no book can be correctly printed in this country. The grammar, orthography and style are all assailed by these engineers of letters; and whenever they meet with a word which they do not remember to have seen, in printing Walker's abridgement, they knock it out with inimitable sang froid, and stick in another that tickles their devilish fancy better. But let there be peace between me and the printers devils - or they will make such an awful massacre of this page, that its own parent will not be able to recognise the scattered and unsightly members.

Again we are astray from the subject. How long ago is it since a mister Bigelow tried to persuade every body in a monthly pamphlet, both in this town, and in his own

that he was a greater poet than Byron? And did not a great many people believe him? And does not Mr Clark say so now? And why do not people believe him? Because he does not edit a monthly magazine. **

Dearly beloved, if thou art of the male sex, I candidly tell thee I believe thou art a great ass. Our self satisfaction has to our own wisdom is like the belief in election. Every individual thinks he has got it; but, dearly beloved, thou art no nearer to heaven, through thy belief in thy own wit, than Deacon Dowse is to his translation through his faith without works.

All this heaven, and a great deal

** How long is it since the Boston Recorder published in this City told us that the unadulterated insipidity of Peacock, was better than the wild untutored sublime sayings of Shelley?

more, which I meant to have said, is of no kind of consequence to the matter in hand; since the Editor is not answerable for a line of what is contained in this miscellany, as will presently be explained. Let us therefore leave the critics to their pleasing occupations, and to the paying of their printer's bill, when they can. While in this coin City we have Mr Coleman and the Anthony of the Americans to our daily lectures on taste, and Lucan's Greek poetry; Mr Noah to read us prelections on grammar, and Laing to entertain us with brilliant repartees; the gentleman in Chatham garden to teach us rhetoric, and Messrs Clark and Sol Wood Jersey for our poet laureats, we only bid defiance to the pretensions of Boston and Philadelphia, and in the words of an orator, de-

lived before the Revolution society, we may set down under our own vine, and eat up our own fig tree.

The origin of the present publication is briefly this. An eminent painter in this city, who has for forty years past been conducting magazines at different times, has a large stock of matter on his hands, which he has kept without any curtain, and from mere habit, until his garret is too full to hold any more. This vast collection of Balaam he latterly began to think he might turn to some use. At any rate, he thought that by the laws of the land, he was no longer bound to maintain all the fatherless offspring with which his attic was groaning; and that the public ought to alleviate his burthen. He accordingly called on the Editor, and begged him to act as guardian to their literary brats, which he has done for two reasons. First because the public spirit as

politely, and as romantically, and as much like a book, as did the mountebank and the market girl and the fishwomen to Miss Wright, when she asked them to show her a place which she didn't want to find; and secondly because he had a natural curiosity to examine this cabinet of strange things.

Such a collection was probably never before witnessed. To attempt an inventory would be hopeless. To arrange the heterogeneous mass would be a task greater than that of Hercules, when he cleaned out the augean stables, to make himself agreeable to the proprietors of his mistress. There are cockney slippers from Cheltham street in endless proportion, full of the Venuses and the Cupids, all seen by moonlight on the battery. Pipes on the lovely tales, and sentimental stories in prose and verse, the doleful jeremiads on lost loves, dead dogs and dead

babies; the sonnets, acrostics and anomalies to Caroline Matilda, Jannetta, and Laura; and Rosamond; the essays on seduction and criticisms on dead works; all which, strung together like bunches of onions, festoon and drape the beams of the garret, lending support to the fabrics of a thousand generations of spiders. Not to mention other fugitive productions, there are many voluminous productions, which have at different times been offered for publication. Among them is a tremendous grand, romantic poem in six books, called Peter Funk the pirate, which I take to be one of the most singular productions of this, or any other age. There are several tragedies, some of which I ascribe to the author of the "mountain torrents," and some to certain persons whom

names I do not mention, partly out of tenderness, and partly because no one would be wiser for the information. There are innumerable political essays; some quite recent, on the subject of the convention and mending the constitution; and if it could only be mended according to the desires of the authors, our state would soon be in "free and easy"; and we should have a little heaven of our own, ushered in by a general jail delivery and Watchguards' jubilee.

But not to particularize further, let the specimens given in this number speak for themselves, as partial samples of the whole. I have taken, perhaps, an unwarrantable liberty, in ascribing certain pieces to certain authors, on mere conjecture. But this shall only

be done, where the presumptive internal evidence is as strong as any proof not positive can be. of this the public will be able to judge. And if the fathers will not down their own children, let them deny their claim, and reconcile it as well as they can to the world and to their own consciences.

Neither has the Editor relied on his own judgment solely. He has submitted such documents as he has already selected, to several members of the American Academy of Languages and Belles Lettres, instituted for the purpose of writing from and spelling books; also to several fellows of the Library and Philosophical Society, to which body all the scientific papers have been sold, to help fill up the next volume of their transactions. Among them are several mineralogical speculations, one specter

to be by Brigadier General Weeks. Then gentlemen all concurred with the Editor in his opinion as to the merits of these precious morceaux.

Will not the humane and charitable forbear these poor miserable handlings thus thrown in their way and crying for protection? Will not all patriotic readers rejoice at this resurrection of dead literature, which promises to add such a sparkling wreath to our country's reputation? I don't care a fig whether they do not or not. I have performed my duty of accoucheur, let them look to theirs. I am entitled to sit in the temple of fame on the same sopha with Capel Lofft and his kindred spirits, who have ushered modest merit into the world; in imitation of whom, by the bye, I have subjoined preposterous Laudatory notes to each article,

to tell the readers what they must admire, and what they must be in ecstacies with.

Now, in the language of Mr Adams' fourth of July speech, 'Stand forth ye champions of Britannias, rulers of the waves! Ye sparers of such puisian romance as Waverley and Scanhoe; which nobody in this country will read; of such lascivious lyrics as Gray and Collins filled in, which are not fit to be sung to a filthy tune by a knife grinder! Come on, Doay, look out for your headbasket and nib - here is mettle for you which will serve as a suitable harangue to that excellent oration which has stopt your mouths forever. Hoping the reader may concur in this sentiment, I remain his obedient servant.

Paul Pindaback.
principal of the Catadelphian
school in Cherry Street.

Valetor to my Muse.

Why art thou sad my heart?
Not yet the fond deceiver,
Hope, sick and long deferred,
With subtly torturing art
Consumes thy peace forever.

Then why so sad my heart?
That in false friends mistaken,
Neglect or perfidy
Have left their bitter smart
Thou art not yet forsaken.

Then why so sad my heart?
Stern death the unrelenting
Into no breast beloved
Has driven his poisoned dart—
No friends art thou lamenting.

Then why so sad my heart?
The fly with restless pinion
Has aimed no shaft at thee;
But whole, untouched thou art,
King of thine own dominion.

Therefore thou'rt sad my heart!
Each kindly, passionate feeling
Evident an object turns
Back on thee with a start,
Thy solitude revealing.

Therefore thou'rt sad my heart!
Ambition idly plunders,
When no kind train shares
In every triumph part
And every trophy-murders.

Therefore thou'rt sad my heart!
And with thyself art weary;
Therefore the peopled scene,
The Court, the crowded mart,
To thee are dreary.

Therefore thou'rt sick my heart,
The love of schools and sages
And even the muses' skill
No pleasure can impart
To all their breathing pages.

Immortal Paphian queen!
I make a need petition,
The weary lovers pangs
Thou ecstasy doest wean
To their last, cold condition.

Yoke them the painted car
And bid the sparrow fleetly
Their fluttering pinions ply;
I'll hail thee from afar,
And do my homage meetly.

Ode from the French of Gresset.

To a Lady who had lost her daughter, a nun.

Shall grief severe with mid night gloom
Thy fairest days o'ercast
Shall joy restrain by a daughter's tomb,
Thy cruel sorrows last?
Ere the glad morn her gates unfolds,
They wake thee with a sigh
And evening's pensive shade beholds
Tears dim thy lucid eye.

Just was the debt to nature paid,
For her whose fate I sing,
Whose bloom was early as it was brief,
And perished in its spring.
The earliest hours of infancy
A secret joy imparted,
To pleasure dearer;
Did not then forbid their flow,
But gave this tear for her.

Yet short the term that nature gives
To mortality right,
The constant grief beyond that lives
Seems mocked to the wise.

Thy dear remains shall shade below!
In their dark brown bed
Sleep on, while we mourn unmoved,
Nor hear our sad lament.

Nor funeral dirge, nor anguish wild
Relentless fate can stay;
The mother mourns in vain her child
For Death retains his prey.
Still still the hearse's mingled call
For victims! still be seen
The sickly torch that runs upon
Still bends around its frightful walls,
And covers earth with graves.

Still under the same cypress shade,
A common urn beneath,
Lies parents with their children laid,
Who followed them in death.
Soon to that grave, by anguish worn,
Despairing shall I them go,
Friendship a tender tear may mourn,
But tears must flow.

Or doom them with enforced sighs,
Mourn like the common train,

Who in their solemn liveries
Decorous cadence keep?
That it is sweet to weep, a school
Of poets maintained; but hark their veil,
And hark their bells ring;
From grief so lingering and so dull,
No joy can ever spring.

Lark in the glooms of sorrow wont,
The turtle mourns her mate.
But reconciled to widowhood
Forgets at length her fate.
So faithful grief will strive in vain,
Its cherished misery to retain,
For life its funeral pall,
Time at last a triumph gain,
And triumph over all.

See by the smoaking altar, where
Her Iphigenia bled,
The Mother stand in wild despair
And ask to join the dead!
But other cares her bosom knead,
The wings of time so swift they flew,
Brush off the parent tears;
Our Iphigenia's memory too
Must yield to fleeting years.

Since then thou pinions bend to fly
In time must bear away
Thy melancholy, nurst to long,
Why wait the dull delay?
Chase the black horror from thy soul,
And time anticipate.
Thine altered mood let me control,
And reason vindicate.

Not so complained the Grecian dame,
But armed her noble breast,
Her natures weakness she o'ercame,
Her natural rights repressed.
For why should I consume, she said
With vain regret, my heart?
When smiling in its infant bed,
I found one day its fragile thread
The fatal shears must part.

Ah no! your rules ye Stoics cold,
In vain I would enforce—
Great God! thy temples gates unfold,
And there on you resource.
A hand divine alone can heal
The wounds the bleeding heart must
feel,

Vain human counsels were,
Beside the sacred altar kneel,
The comforter is there.

Go, Christian mother! to the shrine,
and wing thy griefs above!
In trust in the power divine,
That chastens in its love.
Tho' rankle yet the keen and smart,
Eternal unction own,
That breaks the fetters that apart
To fix the undivided heart
upon itself alone.

Ere the decree of fate went forth,
already she had died,
Snatched from the dangerous cares of earth,
Heaven claimed her as its bride.
From that world its errand's paint
with each declining day,
Nor point by any finer restraint
Bound for her God alone, the saint
And knew no other tie.

Self dedicated, to the rite,
Behold the victim move
Where hands prepared the alter light
Of everlasting love.

Ode from Sacred.

The incense mounts, the wreaths are hung,
attends the sacrifice;
But when thou shrieks the train among,
Her bridal hymn I would hear sung,
I mourn her obsequies!

So fades a lonely stricken flower,
Of all its petals shorn,
Plucked in its budding bloom half blown,
an altar to adorn.
Its perfume sweet at dawning light,
Through all the lane it fled!
Dry sapt, and dark obscured in night
Shroll its glory dead.

Just heaven, we mourn her young career
But short by sudden blight,
But own thy wisdom; every year
was numbered in thy sight.
he should not mate by length of days
The term the vanite spirit stays,
It's trial to endure,
Death to the wretch whose none can
mourn,
Alone is premature.

Atlantic Magazine

Evils of profane swearing.

Young Michael Hildesheim was the happiest man
In all Bavaria, till his Laura died;
He loved her when his heart first began
To feel it had a want which needful bride
Fair woman's smiles alone could gratified,
And fed till it demanded more; & more
Was given, till she had nothing left to hide
From curious love, and left it to deplore
Like Philip's conquering son that it could
win no more.

But Michael dwelt contented with his
wife,
Altho' the reason might be that he could
Enjoy her fortune only for her life,
Which on her dying childless would
Go by a will to others of her blood.
Michael had but one fault; but that long
He sometimes got in a splenetic mood,
And then your hairs would stand up on
your pate,
He used to swear & curse at such an awful
rate.

His wife would often say to him, my dear,
You mock me sadly when you thus blas-
pheme,
You cause mouth it vexes me to hear,
So horrid and unnatural things seem
I've heard of ins tances which true I deem,
Of people struck dead for talking so;
Besides, it's blackguard, Richard Glidon.
-thern
So do n't blas- he as you do,
And I'll no more endure it, Sir, I'd have
you know.

The pair- priest turned afterwards to
-ence,
Prescribing penance, denouncing doom,
When Richard interlarded his discourse
With flowers of rhetoric of novel bloom.
Here to transplant them all I have
no room.
Suffice to say, he vowed to take Delight
Than that in fo-tuning speech
So strange his time he used to waste
Talking as if the devil had gone to preach,
Until the power of words no further length
could reach.

Like Shakspere in Sam Johnson's prologue he
Exhausted language & invented read,
Beyond the compass of orthography,
And making etymology look blue;
While shuddering syntax pale with terror
grew,
With chattering teeth and dislocated jaws,
And O! what then can charming Rhoody do?
When the nine muses captain, set on cause
To make them hotter for a wager would be
a burning shame.

St Michael oaths imagine if you please,
They have supplied the navy of you may
Where the lord tempest exploits chasing seas
Clear volleys of them answering every day
The angry thunder bellowing away;
But I go onwards with my simple lay.
Three years had past since Michael had been
wed,
And babies yet had none; which as they say
His spleen with food so much irrelevance fed,
Till now his wife summoned the thunder
brought to bed.

Right glad was Michael when he heard the
same,
Justices' the preparation that was plan,
What cards of doctors & old women came
To give their sentiments upon the case!
The nurse may not her solemn vow abate,
Telling of diapers, candle & nurses;
Alas! the tears the record will efface,
Neither child both died; & leaving nurse
The husband to the grave walked after
both their hearses.

Dead! Dead! my Laura & my baby both!
Gone! Gone! my money, land & horses fine,
Saith Michael, but he spake in vain on
earth,
For he was sitting in the pale moonshine,
above the family vault, and tears of pain
he shed the rod that scraft his wife and
infant child;
He thought that earthly had the wrath
divine
Fallen on him for his speech profane and
wild,
and that his punishment might have
been more mild.

And he said, if fate would but restore
My wife, my beautiful, my only love,
I'll never speak irreverently more,
Vow by all the holy saints above,
Repentant tears shall no longer run
In guilt polluted streams down my face,
Though ever since my soul to anger rose,
Though I am but white, before black strife
I'll curse and swear no more, by the eternal Jove!

He spoke, and looking upwards saw a sight
Which made him feel particularly queer,
His Laura stood before him all in white
As she was borne upon her funeral bier.
She stretched her hand to him and said,
"my dear,
The fates restore me to your arms again,
Alive in flesh and blood you see me here,
Your prayer is granted while you speak
repair
From talking sacred names and holy
words in vain.

But mark me Michael, if you do return
To your old vomit like a cat at once,"—
"Laura! Laura! cried the love-lorn, born
My slave, if ever I am such a dunce!
I'll quarantine my organs for the nonce,
And every rising naughty word rebuke,
Should me. By Diana's silver sconce,
I fear me in a phantom rogue I look,
And that I but behold a spirit and a
ghost!

He took the lily hand she proffered him,
And it was warm, and soft; & from her eye
Shone forth its mildly feminine, natural
beam,
Her lips were forgiving with their coral dye,
And Michael touched them reminds him
to try,
If they were cold to kiss, & found they were;
He pressed her to his bosom with a cry
Of transport, and exclaimed—"then art my fair
Lost wife, no matter of moonshine nor
of air!

She took his arm, & they walked home together.
To bed, when fleet & blood they both turned out
a year past ten. I cannot answer whether
Michael could well hear before his word,
without
His fancy had devised a round-about
Mode of anathema, which he, at first
a little inconvenient found no doubt—
By figure and analogy he cursed
But never swore outright, though he was
like to burst.

'Twas during this probation he invented
all the droll slang that's been in usage since,
By people who doth it mount be contented
And all a great round oath will from them wince.
Thus pretty Dadie words profane will mince,
'Tis thus that Quaker captains could their
within their bounds his tongue a parson stint,
The Yankees patronize this dialect too,
A perfect conniver in which soon
Michael grew.

At length his wife again became unconscious. Whereat his joy was found less. But what fear, For unfortunate lovers again are pursued, When sad accident occurred again. They brought him with the child unto land And then,

Regretful of his promise, he left her

A cataract of flames and words of scorn, Which made the [illegible] pursuing fay explain And to her lady come in hasty terror hie.

But pale and speechless she came staggering back, For Laura & the baby both were fled, Having vanished thence with a tremendous crash Whereat the room as the attendants said, Was on the floor lay moveless & half-dead. Ere Michael heard the tale his undeserving lips

Such at must come to pass forebodings dread, And when the nurse was brought he did not rave, But silently recalled his promise at the fear.

For good and all his wife that time had flown,
And never more her brian cost his sighs.
Her heirs came soon demanding per Emerson
Her halls and manors as their legal rights,
And sent her spouse Kaspharino on his flight
From out the land, for now the cries of Sam
Denounced him as a sorcerer of great might.
The people shrunk from him wherever he
came,
And frightened mayds bolts all over with
his name.

At length the pope of Michaels talent sare
For malediction heard, and wanting much
To compose a Bull that should his subjects scare,
Sent for the wonderer, to invent him such
Consigning sinners into Satans clutch.
He found him at the barrick very handy,
And into latin having put his Dutch,
Declared the thing to be the very dandy,
This the same Bull which you may
read in Tristram Shandy.

But across said the rage are like young
poets

Brat hornund came to work. So Michael found,
Fur curses he stored for other souls
Fell on his own, with terrible rebound.
For the pope said upon no christian
ground,

So blasphemous a wretch was fit to dwell,
Own his head made his own thunder sound,
Consigning him with his own bull to hell
And banishing him forever, with cradle
book and bell.

So like the bull Pinytius knit of yore
In which Pius Pharis the workman died,
That he might be the first to make it roar,
Was Michael by his own invention eyed.
His wandering Muse as yet not tired,
But it is certain, a clog's life he led,
Proscribed, and miserable & disgraced,
In all strange notes he begg'd his daily
bread,

Till on a tranquil stretch'd, one day
they found him dead!

Gentlemen

The curators of the Literary club have accumulated a very large addition to the stores of the American classics. There may be found in the works of this fraternity, samples of almost every kind of style, all very good in their way, and some unequalled on this side of the water. Seeing this to be the case, I must confess myself

wonderfully surprised at the very rare mention made of the works of this body, in the newspapers, magazines &c. This however is not enough to be wondered at, considering the ephemeral character of all literature, whether good or bad, and the constant demand for novelty, by the public. First for instance, the mere republishing matter for all the newspapers; then an effusion from the publisher; and then a horse race. Then a new work of fiction - and then a case of murder or bodily injury. How can the public keep their memory of the formal effusion of gentlemen who dine at a club, amidst all these exciting topics for genteel conversation? But what the man mentioned is, that the compilers of grammars and treatises of rhetoric, geographies containing an account

of the literature of countries, reading books for schools collections like the Mental Flower Garden and the Reading Instructor, and all other small encyclopedias of wit eloquence and poetry, should pass over your labours without notice. I once read a piece of poetry out of the theologist, on a serious subject in a Ladies Almanack, between a receipt for the sore throat and an index anatomy chart about Stephen Gibbon on a hay mow, with Stephens horse equally himself on the hay Law entitled Refreshment for man and beast. This is the only compliment of the kind I ever saw paid the L. C.. But might not the figures of grammar and rhetoric

be as properly illustrated in an American treatise, by examples from good American writers as from those of England. Why should the author of a system of prosody, burnt laboriously through the works of Dryden & Pope, to find examples of different metres, (which he cannot always do either, for those ancients did not understand the true secrets of poetical English melody,) when Peter Think might furnish him with examples of every sort & kind, from the Muse's lauded to the Alexandrine & Anapestic line? Is it not as important to a student of Geography to know who wrote Billerica, such as the proportion of male to female births, in Communipaw & Hackensack? Is not as much eloquence to be found in some occasional pieces of the L.C. as in the ancient translation of Hannibal's

harrengues to his soldiers, which the boys always get whipt for laughing at when they speak it — or in Tristram Burgess's his commencement oration, or George Griffin's speech to the King in what Livingston's libel case? In short if Cousin Paulding had enriched his compilations with your works they would not have left him without a whole pantaloons to his bottom, which I perceive is his present predicament.

Think by the way, the kind of reputation which is acquired by this means, though you may be disposed to sneer at it, is not so despicable as you think for. In the country the kind of literature I allude to, is almost the only kind. Not one in five thousand

of our farmers can read Roderick the last of the Visigoths. but which of them will read the Arcanum with it in, but read the poem of the two Kilkenny cats. It is also a great advantage to a writer's permanent reputation to hear his things first in school-books. They are then learnt by heart and never forgot by the rising generation, who of course look up with great veneration both to the production and the author. Impressions made on the mind of tender infancy are permanent, and yield but slowly to the conclusions of their riper judgment. So that your Pindaric is long looked upon or remembered as fine by them if they learnt it at school, and spout it at an exhibition. Even now while I write, I can remember a

sion of lines by John Blair Linn
which I got by rote when I was
a babe, and which always lin-
gered in my recollection as nice
verses, because they sounded
high. Set by repeating them
and endeavouring to recollect
the meaning, I find he accep
: of the Genius of Columbia,
and makes blank rhyme to
stones; hinders the colonels
trip eastward.

I send that we were con-
: templated by me. If you truly
will estimate all the beauties
of style and the figures of poe
and poetry, by quotations from
your works - I write this letter
to beg him to be in a hurry
and complete his plan or I
shall underrate it myself,
with perhaps but little credit
to myself.

You would will bear much, if the
known carelessness of the worthy
young man who has projected this
undertaking, should make him delay
too long to attend to it; or if his modesty should stand in
his way, and prevent him from
seeking your train to study, and pun-
ctually his answers at all.
In particular he would not in
his admiration of their talents
and mature labours, overlook
the earlier and unpretended merits
of the confederacy, which con-
tain. I think many points more
at variance, expressed in a less
offensive manner. I shall not
presume, however, to dictate to
the Doctor, but having got to
my paper's edge, shall subscribe
myself your admirer.

Philadelphia.

Edward Livingston to Hamilton
of March 29th 1802.

BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

Names of the Heroes.

Crambobius
Troxartes
Physignathus
Craugasides, or Craugasus.
Pseudomystax — Psicharpax
Lychenor.
Pternoglyphus.
Lichenides.
Chondrodactylus, or Leptodactylus
Pelobates, or Pelobates.
Lycus.
Hylæus inflatus, or Leptopelis
Leptosomus.
Hyperoodon.
Hydromedusa.
Pleurodactylus.
Platydactylus.
Lophiomys.
Calamocrates
Spinturnix.
Nyctinomus.
Platydactylus, or Lepus in the ante
Lichenides.

Smell the oatmeal.
Gladness.
Crazier.
Cornstar.
Lockets.
Sneaking the cupboard
Scalp the scraps . . .

First No. of the Amphitheatre.

Structorem interea —
Saltantem spectes, et chironomonta volanti
Cultello — Juv. Sat. V. v 120 —

Now you shall see the carver's keen edged tool
Cut up the scoundrel and dissect the fool.

A charitable attempt was lately made to enliven this metropolis with news; the want of which is felt so severely by many of our citizens. The author of the various intelligence of which we speak, was very liberal in his donation, but we cannot say much for his imagination. With the exception of a few embellishments, such as a ballet in the Prince Regent's lonely

&c, he cannot be said to have originated any thing. We all know that what has been done once, may be done again under like circumstances; we want to be told some-thing that we dont know. If the ingenious inventor aforesaid, instead of cutting off a monarchs head from his shoulders, could have found a head there, and been equally successful in his other discoveries, he would have entitled to public gratitude.

What is the pleasure of living without Newspapers? One cannot always eat, nor always drink, nor sleep, nor scrub, nor walk, nor ride, nor smoke, nor chew, nor be engaged in tea drinking, routs, Balls, plays, and other such places of amusement (prohibited by the church resolutions, and all college regulations): And even if young people of lively parts, can eke out the twenty four hours, by the aid of dressing, undressing, looking at themselves, dancing, gambling and a few other accomplishments - what are the old to do, whose intellectual resources of the

foregoing nature necessarily fail them in the decline of life?

And how can Newspapers exist, when the world is revolving so very quietly, without ~~in this case~~ mingling one discordant note in the music of the spheres, - when there is no music of Spears, according to the reading of some histrions.

Idleness is a great source of melancholy; melancholy of discontent; discontent of random innovation; innovation of anarchy. The dissipation of news is therefore dangerous. We have nothing novel perhaps, to offer, but hope that our semihebdomadal substitute for battles and sieges, treaties and retreats will be accepted charitably, as it is offered with good intentions.

We intend to treat of all subjects, in all styles, (compatible with grammar, sense and decency) from general politics to classical criticism; from moral essays to disquisitions on the fashions. (voluptas,

Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.

We quote this bit of stave from Juvenal. as

being most expressive of our object; But we mean to make no stale quotations; and beg all who may favour us with their correspondence, to keep this our determination in their especial remembrances. We want no "omnia-vincit-amor"-s; no "utile-dulci"-s; no "de mortuis nil nisi bonum"-s; no

because certain ignorant reviewers and quack pedants of modern date, have so dinned the foregoing old hacks and saws into the ears of the groundlings, that it has become quite scandalous to use them.

A few attempts of the same nature as our known have been made within two or three years past; but we believe we are now starting without a rival. We are disposed to speak tenderly of departed worth, hoping that the same lenity may be accorded to us, when our works that are to be shall have been gathered to their forefathers, in garrets, grocery stores &c. - For alas! we cannot hope

Linquere nec ursos nec ursina nec tigres.

We are therefore cautious in enquiring into the causes of failure, which were inherent in the constitution of our predecessors — Among them, Neologist stands as most respectable in age & bulk, at any rate; and we are inclined to think it rather dangerous to deny him the palm in other respects, lest we should bring his ghost upon us in an infancy. As we was unable to ascertain, whether his title meant "the wisdom of children", "the wisdom of mushrooms", or "dear wisdom". We take it, that he combined a little of all the aforesaid qualities, not denying him "wisdom", however. His great deficiency was his almost total want of practical illustration. He laid down his dogmata with considerable force, but the keen flavour of satire was requisite, to make the bolus palatable. He had frequent intimations of this fact, as he himself informed us; but was so stubborn and heady, that he chose to follow his old form, and fire all his shot

over the heads of the multitude, although they prayed him to make an occasional discharge upon some of their number, to afford merriment for the rest. He died at last; it would seem, in a fit of spleen, without confession or dying speech.....

"Blunderbuss" was a short-lived contemporary of the Aëtologist; he made a few eccentric explosions, but gave us no fair opportunity of ascertaining the size of his bore, or weight of his metal. He entered into a contract, as he said, with his grandfather's ghosts, to supply him with ammunition; but as he made no subsequent discharges, we conclude that Pluto ignored a writ "ne exeat regno," and made the old gentleman break his covenant with his grandson. "Commentator" dipped his quill in the muddy waters of false criticism, and blotted two or three sheets; how many we do not exactly know. He fell into the common

error of American Critics, that it is sufficient for their purpose, and the interest of letters, if a considerable share of native malice be improved by the acquired accomplishments of reading and writing. By this, we by no means wish to insinuate, that all American Critics know how to read and write. We pity the ignorance of such as do not.

We speak in the plural number, not in compliance with the custom which authorizes individuals to multiply their consequence in their writings, as the Spaniards do, by their baptismal appellations; - but because our name is Legion. Nos numeri sumus -

Engaged in different & radical pursuits, but united in our regard for general literature, we have a great share of the furor or cacethes for writing. Whether we have the Sacra fura or not we are too modest even to hint; lest, like the Philadelphia Literati

we should be found guilty of eulogizing each other by contract; when praise can be exhorted from no other quarter, either for love or for money.

We pretend to no profound research, no extensive acquaintance with men and things. But we flatter ourselves, that our education has had the happy effect of enabling us to detect a quack, of any denomination; and we take up our testimony, for which we will suffer martyrdom in any Grub-Market, against all Empirics; Quack Reviewers, Quack Politicians, Quack Doctors, Quack Pedagogues, Quack Theologues, Quack Jurists, Quack Patriots, and all Quack Pretenders, in fine, of every description. We hold in heart-felt, and sincere abhorrence the whole gang of these vermin, with which this great republic is overstocked nearly to suffocation. Of course charlatan may scour rather roughly the interiors of a few ignorant individuals; but provided he sticks to his "oatmeal, ashes, milk-

dust, shoe soles and other combustibles", according to Dr Ramsay, he can do no great damage, and only occasion a temporary inconvenience to his patients. But the whole moral body is crammed and excoriated by the unwholesome pills, potations and visitors of our self styled Apostles, till the whole head is sick, and the whole heart-faint.'

Talking of moral body, - moral is a word in high repute with the superficial scavengers of the present-day, because they always deceive themselves into a belief that they say something uncommonly deep, when they use it. As Shakespeare would to the grammarians - "ye are in earnest with your gravity, so we must say to their gentry - moral fattil-lates your prandia, and demoralization makes you perfect Boy-hunters. Yet notwithstanding your equivocation, when you talk of the demoralizing influence of religious† tracts upon society, you are no wiser, and not half so witty as the Clergyman, who as he shed his nose in his fingers, exclai-

† Grammaticomastyx L.3.

‡ See Florence Macarthy.

ined, "My dear Brethren, it is a great moral truth that I have no pocket handkerchief."

But to return to the Quacks. These Unfinished things one knows not what to call, this generation is equivocal — I warn out at irregular periods, like the 'half formed monsters on the banks of Nile'; drag about their entity alive for their appointed hour, and then disappear different ways, some enjoying dignified leisure in jail or bridewell, some going to become fixed stars, vulgo vocato squatters, in the western country; some to take observations, before the mast, some retiring under the shadow of their laurels (stramonia) or their native sterculaceous pyramids; and some taking the benefit of those various Statutes of gaol-delivery, passed for the encouragement of sharpers, called Insolvent Laws. This last jig is however, laid on the Supreme Court of the United States, nearly up; the higher powers

having cracked the fiddles of the various Recorders, Justices, Clerks &c, to whom nothing music so many cogues danced, called to gether by the inspiring tunes of perjury, fraud and felony.

While we eschew all the aforesaid abominations, we deprecate, in common with other Essayists, in whose footsteps we, unworthy followers, would fain tread, that strong propensity in women and men, to retrogress, or rather deteriorate to that ~~state~~ situation, called a State of Nature. We are not partial to nudities - that is, before company. We do not wish to see men again in the predicament, from which the unwise Son of Japhet freed them, at the expense of his liver; when sewing they sew not, and hearing they heard in vain; but went poking about and looking at nothing, with great anxiety, like the inhabitants of caverns, leather shirts, corsets and stuffed broad cloth of the present day; as wise in their appearance, and free in their motions

: ons, as the bride in Eastern countries, who walks to her wedding, with all her extensive wardrobe on her back; a clumsy, soulless mountain of finery.

THE AERONAUT.

The following is a version of one of the monosyllabic poems of Ausonius. See Aeronaut. Vol. VI.

Nought but
Frail life is nurtur'd, rul'd, destroy'd by Chance;
Chance dubious, ever fleeting, rooted by Hope;
Hope by no arc circumscrib'd, whose bourn is
Death greedy, wrapt in Stygian (Death,
Cloud & Night;
Night which shuts too, when breaks the golden Day;
Day, whose rich gifts a God, whose friend, Sol;
Sol, who detects the wanton, lusty Mars;
Mars, direless birth, ador'd by Thracia's Race
Race all unarm'd, save by licentious rites,
Rites asking human victims, dire their modes,

Modes of a savage race, unbroud by rules,
Rules, based on justice and on natural law,
Law sought by piety in God's changeless mind
Mind nourishing with floods divine our hearts,
Hearts fraught with all the seeds of life & sense,
Sense, which you find not in this thing of
nought. —
— Nought but is nourished be a principio,
in sæcula sæculorum.

It is doubtful whether it be a more cruel waste of time, to originate or to imitate such stuff as the preceding. Such as it is, however, we take it as a good motto for a paper we mean to write, without having any precise idea as to the subject, but mean to make on something or other, a few plain and practical remarks; as the learned Mr Feltis says, when he is going to spin out a sermon of four quarters of an hour long.

The various progressive stages of the life of man, have been differently marked by didactic poets. Solon, in one of his remaining fragments distinguishes them by periods of seven years, with more superstitious regard for the sacred number, than accurate perception of any essential changes in the successive cycles. In the first period says he

the teeth appear; in the second the symptoms of manhood are discovered; in the third the youth becomes bearded; in the fourth virility attains its maximum of strength and vigour; the fifth sees man matured and settled, a domestic character; in the sixth the vain pursuits of pleasure, and the trifling amusements of life being abandoned, ambition occupies the mind, with all its attendant desires. in the seventh and eighth epochs, intellect is developed and exerted in its fullest perfection; it becomes feeble in the ninth period; and the tenth, if the days of mortals are prolonged so far, stands the mean occupied in preparations for death.

Horace has given a far more just and beautiful analysis of life, from a reference to its amusements and occupations. "The boy, says he, who has now learnt to articulate, and to move with equal steps, delights in playmates of his own age; is an instant consolingly thrown into a passion, and his anger as suddenly is calmed; he varies with every varying hour. The headless youth, having at last got rid of his

guardian, runs not amid his horses and dogs; his whole disposition is pliable to each virtuous impulse, while he is rude enough to those who would deter him from his pursuits; he is slow in acquiring what is useful through life, but prodigal of his substance; high souled, eager in the accomplishment of his wishes, and fickle in adhering to the objects of his affections. Then pursuits are abandoned by mature age and intellect. Manhood seeks wealth and powerful companions, and becomes the slave of ambition and honor; jealous of its interests and cautious of doing any thing which subsequent labors may in vain attempt to annul. Old age is full of fancies; anxious to gain what it pleases us, and wears out its decaying energies in hoarding; doing every thing with timid and trembling hands: it is procrastinating, slow of hope, unmoved and fearful of the future, hard to be pleased and querulous, and forever referring to the happier times of old, when the senses were young, and

the world was better and wiser."

Pope, true to his original, has copied the four ages of Horace in a short poem with admirable felicity of illustration.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold amuse his riper age
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age.

Shakspeare's division, the most practised ever received and approved, must not be forgotten, But as a general history of life it is not correct in the fourth and fifth ages. The baby, the schoolboy and the lover are acted by every individual of the family of man; the soldier and the justice are daily borne by comparatively few; the scene of life and its changes are minutely depicted.

The four ages will apply universally. The first is principally occupied with amusement or the search after it; the second with the more dangerous chace after pleasure; the third with business and the fourth with reflections on the past — a lingering attachment to its pursuits, and a vain struggle with the progress of decay.

We have no room in this brief space, to consider the Augustus disquisition on youth, manhood and old age - Horace drew taken his description of the last period from him. Aristotle says that the body is at its meridian vigor between thirty and five and thirty; and the mind at forty nine; thus differing from Solon, who places the former epoch between nine and twenty and twenty eight. But agreeing with him as to the latter, since this Athenian assigns the fourteen years between forty two and fifty six to the age of intellect.

The concluding remark of Horace is the best general commentary on an extended life -

Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum,
Multa recedentes adimunt.

Thus rendered by Colman -

Time years advancing many comforts bring
And flying bear off many a-pleasing thing.

A man who lives out his three score and ten, or lingers on earth beyond that period, must in the common course of events see the ordinary revolutions effected by time and death. At the middle of this

career, he sees a flourishing family around him; friendships and connexions formed in his advancing years; attachments begun in sympathy and cemented by habit: rest. He lives on, and his children are scattered by the accidents of mortality, and their graves are in different countries. His friends, one by one, have vanished from their former haunts, and the places that knew them, now know them no more forever. "Ah where of the dwellings where are they?" and the hollow echo answers where?" Pain is more to sympathize with his remembrances of the past; his infirmities become a grievance, as he thinks them over, to others around him; and yet he feels that lingering attachment to life, which answers the Philosophers inquiry "are more unwilling to it," with the powerful evidence of consciousness.

Hope and Memory delude us through our journey, with false views before or behind us. "Man never is, but always to be blest;" and as the future, depicted by fancy only, presents unmingled prospects of delight

the part, enclosed by time over the little inconveniencies which jarred discordantly with the pleasures present, and make us regret what we neglected when possessed. Thus pensively under the influence of Memphis like Eden, that the following days were composed. They were written, in a prophetic vein, by one who dared journey, and willing to depart.

Stesichorique, grave camoene.

STESICHORUS.

The nine celebrated lyric poets of Greece, flourished within two centuries in regular succession. Pindar and Anacreon, who had been most fortunate in the relative quantity of their remains which has descended to posterity, have been rendered into English by hands fully competent to the task. The few scattered remaining of Alcman and Stesichorus are

not within our power, as Athenæus is a stranger in America. Alcæus, Sappho, ~~Anacreon~~ and Stesichorus have already been noticed in different places, in the six last volumes (from the 5th inclusive) of these Incubrations. Bacchilides and Simonides remain yet untranslated.

A few more remarks on STESICHORUS, remain however, before we part with him. The poetical account of his blindness, has been supposed by some to be a fiction of his own. He wrote, according to Suidas, twenty six books, in the Doric dialect; and while it is known, that his poetry consisted entirely of Strophe, Antistrophe and Epode, the derivation of his name may not be as futile, (~~plane~~ saltem futilissimâ†) as it pleases the English scholars to call it. Though he did not invent the music of the chorus, his adoption of its measures might have given rise to the change of his name from Tisias.

This fragment was omitted in N° 94. Vol V.

Bear ye meet offerings to the maid,
Of pure white flour the dainty bread;
The choicest cakes, the honied store,
And oil, present her shrine before.

† Mucerum Criticum. N° V.

New reading of the second fragment in the same number.

Mid Erythéian isles he rose,
Near where the broad Tartessus flows,
Whose limpid fonts, from caves profound,
Ephamitis's gush forever,
Welling from silver channels round
To feed that noble river. ++

This passage is quoted by Strabo; who says that the ancients called Baetis, (or the modern Guadalquivir) Tartessus. The Erythéian island, he says, meant Gades or Gadira, and the adjacent. According to Pliny, Gades (now Cadiz) was also called Erythia and Tartessus. The Giant Geryon, of whom Stesichorus speaks, lived at this island, according to Hesiod and the latin poets. one of his dogs was called Eurytion.

Of the first fragment in No 94, it is proper to state that δεπας is improperly rendered orb-head.

Hyperion's offspring from on high
Leaves, in his golden bowl the sky.

for Athenaeus says, "Stesichorus makes the sun sail thro the ocean in a goblet [ποτηριω] in which Hercules navigated, when he went after Geryons oxen." we do not, we confess, understand

++ the passage may be rendered either way. The version in No 94 is probably most correct.

the allusion; it proves however that nil novi sub sole. The excursion for pleasure of the wise men of Gotham, was not an original, nor ridiculous idea, after such predecessors as Hyperionides and Hercules.

We have one more remark on this fragment. Homer, Mimnermus (see Mo in this Vol.) Stesichorus and others, make the Sun Hyperion's Son; although he is generally confounded with Hyperion himself. Hesiod agrees with the rest; Theog. 134. 371. In the first cited place, he says that Gaia had Hyperion among the litter, by Ouranus: and in the second,

Then Theia, in Hyperion's arms compress,
Bore great Helios and Selene bright
and Eos, who brings light to all mankind,
and Gods immortal, tenants of the sky.

We would also add our useless lament, as to the violation of the rules of derivation, in the quantity of Hyperion; the accent of which should be on the penult. Shakspeare and Gray have, however, determined it otherwise.

The reader will do well to compare the Hymns of Homer and the fragments of Mimnermus and Stesichorus together; as also the Orphic Hymn; a translation

of which may be found in a subsequent number of this volume( ).

The following fragment was not translated in No 94. It alludes to a dream of Hecuba, out of a Peplus. (not the one he sailed in)

Gift from the Centaur Pholus, he took us,
By accurate measure† a three-fingers asp,‡
And took the living infant, as a cup.

The commencement of his Palinode, preserved in Plato's Phaedrus, seems rather strange—

All I have sung is not-untrue!
Thou didst not climb the well-built ship,
Thou didst not sail the seas of Troy!

Now this was rather adding mockery to assault, than propitiating Helen by flattery. She would think the poet would rather have endeavored to palliate the truth, than contradict what was undeniable; unless the origin of the Trojan war was during even in his own day, almost 500 years after it took place.

Nothing more offers itself for translation, except the names of the horses given by Mercury to Castor and Pollux; which are,

† Ἐμμετρον ‡ τριδακτυλον

Phlegeus, Harpagus, Hera, Exalinthus and Cyllarus, all from the mare Cyllanium. See Virgil's Georgics III. 89.

Talis Amyclæi domitus Pollucis habenis
Cyllarus.

S.

BACCHYLIDES.

Of Bacchylides of Ceos, little is known but that he was nephew to the great Simonides, and wrote, like Pindar, the praises of Hiero; while as little is left of his works, as of his history; only a few mutilated lyrics remaining. Simonides was born 538 years before Christ. The elegant historian Gillie remarks, "that it is worthy of observation, that, except Plutarch

of Sardis naturalised on account of his merit at Sparta, Pindar of Thebes in Beotia and Stesichorus of Himera in Sicily, all the rest of the Grecian lyrics were born on the Asiatic coast, or in the islands of the Egean sea. The soft beauty of these enchanting climates was kept at a heat to inspire the rapturous fervour peculiar to the ode, as well as to spirit that voluptuous gaiety, characteristic of the Grecian song."

There are probably many learned dreams of Bacchylides, dispersed through different authors, which we know nothing of. The following fragments are from the Leipsic edition of the lyric poets.

I

Hail glorious fire which love controuls,
When sterling light in sparkling bowls!
And Venus gives her promise bright,
When ardent vieing of delight
Float in the festive board,
So brightly commanded, and take wing,
And round the chaplets magic ring,
Fervent as truth, gay dreams arise;
+ The ecstacy sacred of earth & skies
Tole, universal lord!

+ Not literal.

with gold and ivory dight the walls,
Resplendent are his sumptuous halls;
For him from Egypt's fruitful plain,
The loaded galleys plough the main
With wealth unnumber'd stor'd.
Pleasure and power and wealth combine,
Thy treasures, Bacchus! are divine.

The beautiful fragment, of which the following is a version, literal as we could make it, is ample testimony to the genius of Bacchylides.

TO PEACE.

Puissant peace! to thee belong
The chaplets of mellifluous song;
The charms of wealth and all the train
That worship wealth's ascendancy;
When from Dædalean altars rise
Volumes of incense to the skies,
Where ox or fleecy sheep expires
The yellow flames fierce brilliancy.
With manly sports resounds the field;
Music & dance their transports yield;
Securely in the iron bound shield
The spider plies her industry.
The spears repose from deeds of death,
The two edged sword rusts in its sheath,
Mute is the trumpet's brazen breath
That wakes the battle's revelry.

And thou O Sleep! more horrid Store
The grateful heart shall still adore,
Cofied by thoughts of Woe no more,
On every lid sit peacefully.
The cheeks with loaded Languets groan,
Echoing to love and mirth alone;
While mingles childhood shrilly tone,
Hymning its chaunt to Liberty.

III.

Non ebur neque aureum Hor.

No ivory round my stall
No gold adorns my hall;
No purple carpets grace my crimple floor;
But here's the constant mind,
The muses gifts refind,
And generous wines exhilarating store.

IV

TRUTH.

As gold is tested by the Lydian stone,
Virtue and wisdom still by Truth are known.

V. VICTORY.

Hales Anthologia. P. 162.

Daughter of Pallas, many-named, attend
My call, O sacred Victory!
Amid the bright Athenian choir descend,
And dwell propitiously.
In sportive contests of the Muses deign,
Goddess benign to smile on me,
And wreath Bacchylides, for many a strain,
With chastely worn by thee!

Simonides – non poeta solum suavis, verum etiam cætera quam doctus sapiensque traditur. Cic. de N. D. I. I. 22.

– Αυτον την λυραν λεβοντ' εγω κελευσω
Αδειν Σιμωνιδην μελος. Aristoph. Nubes

SIMONIDES.

Simonides of Ceos, uncle of Bacchylides, who flourished 540 or 530 yrs A. C. is the last Grecian Lyric Poet, who claims our attention. He went from his native Island to Sicily, where he was well received by Hiero, the king, and contracted friendships with several great men of that era. He wrote warlike elegies; by one of which, on the battle of Marathon, he bore

away the prize from Æschylus. He was a Philosopher as well as a Poet; but his reputation was founded principally on his various excellence in Poetry. He wrote elegies, dramas, satires, pathetic, ~~lively~~, moral and didactic pieces, inscriptions &c. He is said to have added the four letters Z, Φ, Ξ, Ψ; but it is altogether uncertain, whether their introduction into the alphabet of Cadmus, took place in the era of Simonides; or whether it must not be ascribed to another person of the same name. His remains are longer than any we have yet presented. The longest is his Apologue or Satire on Women, of which Mr Addison has given a prose translation, of little merit, in the 209th number of the Spectator. The grossest images are properly left out, by that accomplished writer; but he has also so generalized the ideas throughout, that the point is always lost. We have marked with an asterisk, the passages omitted, or but half rendered.

Simonides -

WOMAN.

The soul of changeful woman, fated
To plague or bless us, was created
Of different elements by heaven,
Ere her substantial form was given.

She in whose workmanship combine
The ingredients of the bristly swine,
She is a slut; her house beheld,
Where all things on the floor are rolled;
Sordid and thick with dirt decay'em,
And she herself unwash'd sits by 'em.
Her draggled coats no waters bless,
And fat she waxes in her grease. *

She from the felon fox who stole
The quick ingredients of her soul,
She is a keen one; and she spies
On good or ill, with active eyes.
If some of this description good be,
Some are no better than they should be;
And various will their changeful mood be. *

She who was fain her soul to borrow
From an ass is a sad sorrow;
* She all will hear, will all be knowing,
* Is always prying, always going;
Barks always, understanding no man,
* To stop the clamour of this woman
* In vain her spouse may storm and threaten,
* Nor down her throat her teeth were beaten,

* With wrathful stone; there's nought got by it,
* Nor will persuasion keep her quiet.
* Even though her house be full of guests,
* Her vigilous clamour never rests.
She found entire, from earthly stain
A break back load was meant by heav'n;
Of good or ill she's all unwitting,
And nought she understands but eating;
Thro' the long winter she will lower,
Squat in her chair, the embers over;
[With rags and old hats stuffs the windows
And turns her petticoats to cinders]
She from the fickle ocean sent;
To change[d] as her element;
Now, robed in mirth and dimpling smile
She strangers of his praise beguile—
Sure never did the gods, on earth
Vouchsafe such beauty and such worth!
Lo! now the fury fires appear,
Dread[ful] to view or to go near!
She raves, she rants, with clamorous tongue,
Like early dust amidst her young;
And deaf to all persuasion's call
Or friends or foes, she spares with all.
So, oft the waves of ocean sleep,
And tranquil spreads the unruffled deep;
And seamen in the hour rejoice,
Until they hear the tempest's voice;
Soon Summer ills dominion quits,
And mocks her calm, her stormy fits.

She from the patient Ass descended,
* His sponge dull with ashes blended,
Fallen and tough, will with some flailing,
Work hard dust Labour without failing;
* From pantry or from kitchen pelting,
* Morning or eve, will snoop her victuals;
Is neer averse to an amour,
And nothing nice about the cover.
[This remark is added by me,
Such a woman is untidy.]
She of the Cat's complexion wholly,
Is eaten up by melancholy.
No object 'fore her wishes moves,
Nought she desires and nought she loves;
From nuptial couch she coldly turns,
Furious her husband's ardour spurns;
Her petty pilferings prove her mean,
* And oft she gobbles meats unclean.
‡ She from the mawd and wanton mare
Of household thrift takes little care;
* Dirt not the floor across will sweep,
* Her floors dispread with dust will keep;
* Nor near the smoky oven will stand;
* Men by her chastus she would command;
* Ablutions makes, twice, thrice, a day;
For ointments to her spouse must pay;
In various kinds she wears her hair,
With flowers entwined in chaplet fair.
To other men a glorious sight—
But an eye sore, to that poor wight,

‡ Here Elton begins.

Who weds with her, unless he be
A king, to swell his pageantry.
She from the ape designd surpasses,
In torment, all the other classes.
In horrid agonies appears,
Shatter'd all the City's jeers;
* With clumsy neck and quarters shrivell'd
* Uncouth, lank, crooked and bedevill'd;
Wretch! whom late to this thing of lies!
Full of strange tricks and odd devices!
Than monkey more disgusting she
And careless of her progeny;
Her only aim, the live long day
To do all mischief that she may.
She from the Fee a blessing brings,
To her fair fame no blemish clings;
Beneath her smile life's pathway blooms
And cheer'd by equal love age comes.
A goodly race of long renown
Attain for her the matron crown.
No gossip band the joins, who league
Their pow'rs for scandal and intrigue,
But ever bras around her plays
Virtue and wisdom crown her days
And hallow'd thro' her long loved life
She adorid and exemplary wife.
‡ Full many a tribe unsung remains,
Whose being Providence ordains;
For' yet us to this needful evil,
Each hath his own familiar devil.
Though others may no fault detect
He knows too dearly, her defect;

‡ Thus far Addison and Ecklon.

No single day goes joyful by,
Accloudless his domestic sky.
Nor can he thrust this pest abroad,
This constant, troublous household god;
This foe, forever by his side,
Who, in his hour of joy and pride,
When man respect, and gods are kind
Some blemish in her lord will find
And all his scene of triumph mar,
Arising helmeted for war.
With mistress if his home be blest;
He dare not welcome stranger guest;

* * * * * *

Envy not then another man,
But bear your burthen as you can;
His is as heavy, you'd be certain,
If you could peep behind the curtain
Love knits the indissoluble chain,
And it's all idle to complain,
Even if the constant worm become
Her victim sinks into the tomb.

The last sentence is translated to complete the sense in English; in the Pack, it probably alludes to Helen, Io, Europa, Medea &c, whose ravishments produced national and continental antipathies and bloodshed.

II.

Heaven sends no greater blessing to man
Than a fond and virtuous woman;
But the greatest plague in life, miss
A cruel, ungainly shrewish wife is.

We don't love what's sweet & comely,
We don't hate what's sour & homely.

III.

My son, the eyes of all things wait his nod,
The immortal thunderer, and all powerful God!
Frail, inconsistent and ephemeral man,
Lives on, unconscious of his finite span.
Still ignorant of the inevitable hour,
Hope o'er his mind exerts her massive power;
Madness would leap the goal by folly sought,
Where fate the bar of adamant has shot;
Man waits on days or years revolving round,
To bring the fond delusion, never found.
In youth the bright perspective all decoy,
Gold wealth and pleasure float on fancy's eye;
Oft Age untimely blasts the prospect vain,
Or pale Diseases melancholy train.
Cut down, where Mars and fierce Bellona rave,
Here manly or'gone sinks into the grave;
There, o'er the main where loudly whirlwinds sweep,
And mountain waves deform the purple deep,
Provi'less gain' fate, in ocean caves they sleep;
There in despair the fated noose apply,
And self devoted from the daybeam fly;
Each bowl is drugg'd with gall; a myriad woes,
A myriad cares, our feeble nature knows;
Yet wisest he, who seeks not to explore,
The ills that well till he can count no more,
Nor wraps the affrighted soul in tenfold gloom,
By moody musings on its certain doom.

IV

None are all perfect; none are all depraved.

V

Lament not, for the dead—
When one day
Has past away,
Lament no more the dead.

VI

Death finds the recreant coward in his flight.

VII

Mortal, of thy future fate,
Cease in idle strains to prate;
'Tis enough thyself to know
A transient pilgrim here below;
Build not, on another's life,
Air blown schemes, with folly rife;
Like the hues an insect flings
From his never constant wings,
Ere we mark them flitting by,
Earth's unreal colors fly.

VIII

Above the ground of time we have short meanders,
But down below, we can not at our leisure.

IX

Love only hath the medicine for all ill.

X

Stranger, go tell the Spartans, that in death
We lie, obedient to their sacred laws.

The last is the famous epitaph on those who fell at Thermopylæ. It has probably no parallel, like the self-dedication it commemorated.

XI.

Born in a world of doubt and woe,
These gifts avail us most below;
Health to enjoy all other good;
Fair honor, due to noble blood;
Wealth won by open, generous trade,
And friendship, smiling on our youth.

XII.

No work of man can long securely last,
+ For best, of old, the wisest man of Chios said;
"Like leaves, behold one generation past
And others where they died, their verdure
spread;"
Foo hearing wisdom, treasure up her lore,
For hope the monarch of the breast-hold now,
Dazzled in sanguine youth's luxuriant hour,
Lay dreams they build, vain dreams, that pass
away;
Nor age infirm, nor death, the flattering tale
Of hope reveals; nor shuns her pictures bright,
To health the hour when lordly strength shall fail,
But still deceive her votaries' cheated sight.
The bounded term of life they ne'er forestall,
The scanted term from childhood to the
tomb,

Do thou its finite image oft recall,
And pluck the flowers that in thy path-
way bloom!

In the passage marked with an obelisk, Simonides quotes from Homer, Iliad Ζ. v. 146.

Οιηπερ φυλλων γενεη τοιηδε και ανδρων.

Mimnermus also borrows this beautiful image, in the fragment beginning,

Ημεις δ' οιοτε φυλλα

"we, like the leaves of many-clothed spring"

See the fragment in a former volume of the Observant. The conclusion of the last fragment, amounting to "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die"; is similar to that implied in the end of Frag. III.; and both are unworthy of Simonides.

INSCRIPTIONS on ANACREON'S TOMB.

XIII.

All soothing vine! with heart-enlivening flood
Full pregnant, from whose grapes blest-
clusters spring;
Whose turning shoots in rich luxuriance thread
Their tendrils, clasp'd in many twisted ring;

Here, where Anacreon slumbers, let them grow,
Around this capital and pillar cling;—
He lov'd thy purest veins, thy festal mirth,
And all night long, to love his lyre he strung;
Spread thy green boughs around his sacred earth,
above, be all thy ruddiest clusters hung!
Perennial dews still fall where they are wreath'd,
Sparkling like that which from his lips he breath'd!

2. XIV.

His country's structure, rests this tomb beneath
Anacreon's dust. The muses guard from death
The poets name. Corruption conquers nèr
The verse the Loves & Graces strung'd to hear;
The lyre respiring all that breathes of them,
He hymn'd to celebrate the lov'd one's name;
In gloomy shades, of light & song bereft.
He hears no sighs for all the charms he left,
Save that the forms long past'd remain'd behind,
The loves to rivals' envious care consign'd;
His honied song dreads nèr oblivion's gloom,
Nor sleeps his shell beside him in the tomb.

We come last to the fragment, called the Lamentation of DANAE; of which commendation is superfluous, and a

successful new version almost hopeless, after those of Jortin, The Wakefields, Bland and Elton, and the imitation in Latin, by Markham - we shall insert the original, preserved by Dionys. Hal. De compositione verborum, c. 26.

Οτε λαρνακι εν δαιδαλεα ανεμος
βορεης πνεων, κινυθεισα δε μιμνα
δειματι ερεπτεν· στ' αδιευντα δ'
παρειαις, αμφι δε Περσει βαλλε
φιλαν χερα, ειπεν τε· ω τεκνον,
οιον εχω πονον. συ δ' αυτε γαληνω
ητορι κνωσσεις εν ατερπει δωματι,
χαλκεογομφω δε, νυκτι λαμπτει,
κυανεω τε δνοφω· συ δ' αυαλεαν
υπερδε τεαν κομαν βαθειαν
παριοντος κυματος ουκ αλεγεις
ουδ' ανεμον φθογγων, πορφυρεα
κειμενος εν χλανιδι, προσωπον καλον·
Ει δε τοι δεινον το γε δεινον ην,
και μεν εμων ρημα των λεπτον
υπεικες βας· κελομαι, ευδε βρεφος,
ευδετω δε ποντος, ευδετω αμετρον κακον.
Μεταβολια δε τις φανειη
Ζευ πατερ, εκ σεο· οτι δε θαρσαλεον
επος, ευχομαι τεκνοφι δικας μιον.

See Jortin's translation and Markham's imitation, in Tytler's Elements of Translation p. 152 & 154. See the latter also, in the

second volume of the Adventurer; where the best translation ever made of the fragment is given in an English probe garb. Elton's, in blank verse, is a fine piece of poetry. It is easy to account for the difference in all the versions, from the singularity of the original, which, though not precisely obscure admits of a great latitude of interpretation, particularly in verses 8. 9. & 14. In the latter verse, Bland has only half translated the idea, and has amplified that half; which has made the Edinburgh reviewer accuse him of misunderstanding the original. We have leaned to his translation, in that verse, in the following imitation, which claims no merit, except that of following the general current of the thought.

XV.

LAMENT OF DANAE.

Around the ark, the tempest's rave,
Along the seas vast booms roaring;
Affrighted by the howling wave,
Fills Danäe her fate deploring
And fast her gushing sorrows flow,
Her infant Perseus closely folding—
Dark o'my son, thy mother's woe,
Sore pain'd these her wrongs beholding.

Thou, beating from thy milky breast
Thy balmy sleep, to woes a stranger,
Clingst softly to thy mother's breast,
And dreamst not of impending danger.
Though in this cheerless dungeon fast
Fast-locked by brazen clefts so tightly,
And dark, while in the firmament
The lamp of heav'n is glimmering brightly.
Sweet babe! not all the howling storm
Nor ocean's wrath thy mind distresses,
While in thy purple mantle warm
The wave weeps not thy clustering tresses.
But were each ill to thee an ill,
And couldst thou feel their weight in number,
Still would I say, sleep baby, sleep,
Sleep, ocean, ruthless fate to slumber!
And O! may this precaution prove
Vain, as 'tis cruel, to secure thee!
Boldly by this thy offspring Jove!
Do thou - their hopes I do adjure thee!

N.B. The scribe, seeing a blank page on the opposite side, thinks proper to insert here the Orphic hymn to the Sun. Confer the numbers in this volume, on Mimnermus and Stesichorus.

The hymn is ascribed to Pronnoetus.

HAIOY ΘYMIAMA.

Hear me, Most-god! thou of the all seeing eye
Eternal; thou in golden splendors clad,
Titan, who rollst above us, lamp of heaven!
Self lucent, tireless, burnishing the face
Of universal nature, seen in thee!
Auspicious sire of morn and welcome night
Alternate! Thou who temperest all the hours,
And guidst the ringing seasons' beauteous
dance!
+ Swift-whirled in sounding cross, fire rob'd
and tried'd
In fierce effulgent countenance! charioteer
Urging thy course thro' vortices on high
In heavn illimitable wide! To the good
The almoner of Bounty, to the bad
Of bale. Thou of the golden lyre who leadst
The sounding choir of all the harmonious spheres!
Thou witness true of good deeds done on earth!
Father of years and cycles! minging all
In limitless order! harper of the world!
Among the giant of thy ogrue race
Kindling with swift-wings! in whose light we move!
Myriad hued, sometimes, justifying, healing,
Ardent, pure, time defining, eminent-God!
Serene, immortal, universal blaze!
Revolving eye of the broad universe!
Quenching and lighting up thy radiant rays
For mans convenience! Judge of righteous nap.
* Absorbing river! Monarch of this world!

Its faithful sentinel! O'er all supreme,
To all benevolent! Eye of Justice! source
of all existence - ether, with bounding course
Still urgest on thy four-yok'd car above!
Hear us, and bless thy pious worshippers!

† ροιζωτηρ - we follow the meaning assigned by John Friederick Degen; author of an Index Graecitatis to Harles' Anthologia; altho' the idea of Homer may be alluded to, concerning the bending of the rays of the sun, or shafts of Apollo. In this fragment, there is a palpable allusion in the 9th verse, to the music of the spheres -

Χρύσολυρη, κοσμου τον ευμμετρον δρομον
ερικων.

If the idea had been prevalent in Homer's time, he would have mentioned it more distinctly. And this may be another proof of the spuriousness of the orphic hymns. It is a wonder that the learned Tom Moore, in his ode on the genius of harmony, in which he endeavors to bring in all the classical allusions to this subject, and quotes Orpheus many times, should not have stumbled on this passage, the most unequivocal of all. See his epistles, Odes and other Poems.

* Φιλοναματε. Lover of moisture. If the theology of this Ode came out of Egypt,

this attribute of the sun was very natural-
ly suggested by its supposed effects on the
Nile. See Herodotus, in Euterpe.

We subjoin, for the sake of allusion,
the address to the sun, in Milton and
Ossian.

Parad. Lost. Lib. III

Hail holy light! offspring of heav'n firstborn!
Or of the Eternal, co-eternal beam!
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hearst thou rather - pure, ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heav'ns thou wert; and, at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite!

Id. Lib. IV

O thou, that with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whose sight all the
stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call!

OSSIAN

"I feel the sun, O Malvina! leave me
to my rest. The beam of heaven de-

light to shine on the grave of Carthon. O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! whence are thy beams, O Sun! thine everlasting light! Thou comest forth in thine awful beauty, and the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon turns cold and pale, and sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself, movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven;— but Thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempest, when thunder rolls and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm! But to Ossian thou lookest in vain, for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy golden hair flows on the eastern clouds[4], or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps

+ See Homer's hymn.

haps, like me, for a season; and thy years will have an end, when thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O Sun! in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it comes thro' broken clouds, the Mast of the North is on the plain, and the traveller shrinks, in the midst of his journey."

The following sublime apostrophe from Winifred, is not unworthy of being transcribed after the preceding.

"Glorious ye, the old
Of early nature and the virgin race
Of unchisel'd mankind, the giant sons
Of the embrace of angels, with a race
More beautiful than they, which did bear down
The erring spirits who can wear us then!
Thou glorious orb, that wert a witness ere
The mystery of the making was revealed!
Thou earliest minister of the Almighty
Which gladdenist, on their mountain tops
the hearts
Of the Chaldean shepherds till they pined
Themselves in prisons, thou material God,
And representative of the Unknown!
Who clothes thee for his shadow! thou chief star!

Centre of many stars! which make our earth
Endurable and temperate the hours,
And health of all who walk within thy rays!
Sire of the Seasons! monarch of the climes!
And those who dwell in them! for near or far,
Our inborn spirit have a kind of love,
Even as our outward aspects — thou dost rise
And shine and set in glory. Fare thee well!
I ne'er shall see thee more —
He is gone:
I follow." ... ACT. III. Sc. 2. .

We shall conclude this paper with a version of the hymn of Dionysius,

TO APOLLO. Literary Journal

Father! through all thy realms be still!
Mute be the voice of grove and hill!
Ocean and earth and breezes light,
Echo, and birds of busy flight,
Be silent all! the sun is nigh,
The unshorn monarch of the sky!

Sire of the Morn with golden hair!
With winged hoofs thy tireless steeds,
Bear mid the boundless realm afar,
Thy roseate undefiled car.
There, King, th' immortal courses bear,
Exulting in thy golden hair!

Shining thy rays multiplicate
Upon, spread o'er earth the glittering net
Thy woven web of splendid day,
And fruitful nature owns thy sway;
While streams of fire immortal pour
The lovely light her empire o'er.

The Aeronaut

High o'er Olympus, King! to thee
Peals the glad starry symphony!
Entranc'd by thy controuling lyre
Sing, as they whirl, the clear-orb'd quire,
And in their rounding courses free,
Prolong the eternal melody.

Car-borne by trills of purest white
The yellow moon leads up the rite;
Thy gracious and delighted hears
The applauding clamour of circling spheres,
And still thy car with friendship blaze
Rolls thro' the universal maze!

S.

THE AERONAVT

The hymns of the Greeks admit of a triple division, the Orphic or religious, the Epic or poetic, and the philosophic. Both priest and sage of course borrowed from their imagination, in their sacred songs; but the peculiar characteristic of each order is definitely marked. The first are almost entirely composed of asensti:

ons of various attributes, and are a mere congeries of invocations. The second consists of description and imagery: and the third speaks of the deity immediately worshipped, as the personification of some physical or moral object, in which cause and effect are seldom accurately discriminated. To these may be added

We have already given examples of each of these orders, in the Orphic and Homeric Hymn to the Sun; and the Hymn of Cleanthes to Jupiter. In the present number we shall present specimens of the philosophic hymns, which justify our remarks on their nature.

It is to be observed that the hymn of Dionysius in our last paper is to be ranked in the poetic species; being epic in its matter and style of composition, though not in the structure of the verse.

The following is a free imitation of the hymn of Proclus to Hecate & Janus. Hecate being considered as the Supreme, and Janus the active parent of all effects; and they being strictly symbolical of nature.

PROCLUS his HYMN
of HECATE & IANUS—

Literary Journal

Mother of gods! by mortals title known,
Illustrious Hecate, hail! sublimest throne!
Hail, ancient Janus, hail! on thee I call,
For thou art God, a God supreme o'er all!
Bright o'er my life let peaceful splendor shine,
Load deep the scale of joy, with gifts divine!
In healthful flood let life warm currents roll
And lift to noblest ends th' aspiring soul!
For here, like purifier brighter flame,
Madness on earth, she pines, without an aim.
Dread powers, I pray, your timely succour lend,
In paths divine that erring life to tend.
So may these eyes the sacred light behold,
And thus obtain to this mortal mould,
May this fled spirit from the dregs of earth
Break, through the native darkness of my birth!
Mother of gods! by mortals title known,
Illustrious Hecate, hail! sublimest throne!
Hail ancient Janus, hail! on thee I call,
For thou art God, a God supreme o'er all!

This Proclus appears to have had some indistinct notions of original depravity; and was indeed a better Christian than a modern Pelagian or Socinian. Sir

William Jones may have had this hymn in his mind, when he wrote his sublime apostrophe to truth:-

Before thy mystic altar, heavenly truth,
I kneel in manhood, as I knelt in youth;
Thus let me kneel, till life's dull form decay,
And life's last ~~ray~~ be lightened by thy ray,
Then shall my soul, now lost in cloud below,
Soar artless bound, a vestal consuming glow!

MESOMEDES' HYMN to NEMESIS.

Daughter of Justice! awful throne!
Swift, sternveyed Nemesis, all hail!
Each thought, each deed, to man unknown
Is weighed in thine unerring scale!
Weak, reckless man, with idle vain,
Would hurl thine adamantine chain;
His impious chasings thou canst curb,
Nor lets destructive angers slurp
Driven to their will obey,
Nor ever blast the world distant.
Round thy revolving wheel unworn,
Our chequered destiny is borne;
Thou stand with silent, sacred tread,
To bend the proud man's haughty head;
By thy fixed rule each act to try;
The soul untamed & fierce to break,
Imposing on the stubborn neck
The yoke of stern necessity.

Tongue never profaning more
Who kills the unerring deer alone!
The incorrupt and just as fate
Swift elements! we celebrate;
Who dilt, in Lord in power arrayed,
Enthroned by justice and by right;
Uncreated Nature, pure and
Exhalation crystal bright,
By Nereids who give the dream
And field-straying gloom!

We add versions of two Scholia, or as they are sometimes called Verses, which are of the nature of hymns, being a composition of the Poetic and Philosophic modes. The first is by Epicharmus the Sycionian.

TO HEALTH. Literary J.

Hygeia! most blest of the powers
That attend the mortal race,
Thou I pass in thy presence the hours
That remain me in health I embrace!

Dwell with me, benevolent charm,
Without the attendance of health,
With the smile of affection dear, warm,
And dull and the splendors of wealth!

The Peregrinant

The pageant of empire is o'er
Ye sad-suited men like yourselves to your care,
And the hearts sterling impulses fail
Where love reckoned not on the shade.

Hasten in vitall fire can give,
To that spring from whose vestile of spain,
That mortal for fire can receive,
Where Liberty is found in thy train!

Thy cruse kindle at the fresh spring
The glad, verdant bloom of the soul,
Freedom, our pleasant take wing
And cause wrath her control.

The following is ascribed to the great-
est little; it has been partly imitated
by Horace, and much maligned by lea-
ned men. The occasion of the composition
is said to have been as this arise.
"Hermeias who had been a slave, but was
afterwards liberally manumitted was
a disciple of Plato and Aristotle. By his
talents and virtues he became king of
a province in Lesser Asia, of which Atarneus
the sea port, and its capital Assus were
:ded. He enlarged his territory, and became
formidable to the Persian power. But
he did not forget in his prosperity the
friends he had made, when he was at

Athens; whose instructions had probably enabled him to rise from servitude to regal splendour. He sent for Aristotle and Xenocrates to his Court; and married the grand niece of the former. Mentor a Persian satrap got possession of his person by treachery, and he was hanged. The philosophers made their escape. Aristotle has handed the name of his friend and benefactor down to immortality, in the only poem that is left of his own. He seems to have a spirit sufficient virtue as personified in Hermias."
This account, as to the historical facts, is pronounced by Athenæus, Diogenes Laertius and Strabo; and is to be found in most of the modern Antiquities and Biographia.

TO HERMEIAS or VIRTUE.

Virtue! replete with endless care,
And dark with varied strife,
What glories can with thine compare,
To gild the scenes of life?
In Greece, what joy thy keenest pain,
Or death on valor's car'ning plain!

No sweets but thine, of loveliest mould,
Such fruit immortal keep;
Ambition pride, and hoarded gold,
Or pain-dispelling sleep:
Thine is the charm that lights the brave,
And glitters on the hero's grave.

Alcides felt thy glowing name,
Each toilsome march inspire,
And Sedai offspring own'd the flame
That beam'd ethereal fire.
Achilles smil'd with panting breath,
And Ajax flew to welcome death.

The monarch of Atarnean race,
By virtue's semblance mov'd,
Receiv'd the perjur'd slave's embrace,
And perish'd while he lov'd.
The hero, in immortal verse,
Each votive Muse shall sing,
Increasing strains his fame rehearse,
And rapture tune the string:
While all shall chant, in music to Jove,
The honours of a constant love.

There is something in the structure of the human mind, which leads us to resort to trifling amusements and light entertainments under that depression of spirits which visits us all occasionally, and often without any precise original cause. The element of frivolity, the melody of song, the tenderness of sentiment have their attractions for the varied appetite and listless intellect. All this is natural; but it is a more singular passion in our nature, which leads us

the hours of joyance and birth, to
hearken with dizziness to tales of horror
and death; to linger by scenes of misery, and unwieldy in the storm or the
midst of strife. We have no desire now
to enter into the hackneyed metaphysics
of this subject; our remarks are only
pointed at the fact, and the influence
that may be drawn from it. Men who
cultivate their rational faculties
generally are more peculiarly subject to
the visitations of mental weariness
and bodily languor, than those, who,
having less appetite for the food of the
mind, never feel the depression that
follows the exertion of intellect or the
changes produced by its mysterious ope-
rations. Their evenings expedient to
banish the dreary spectre, whose wings
overshadow the season, and whose cha-
racter perpetually at the heart, have
given rise, so naturally, to the numerous
exhibitions of Lamps, and strange
anomalies in literature. On such a
moment The Task was undertaken —
Under such lack of amusement, Cowper
may have begun his Verses, and swift
recalled failure.

Paulo minora canamus. Under such
dreary influences, the author of the Vaga-
ries, which we are now going to insert in-

this heterogeneous journal, may have taken up his pen in the wantonness of a vacant mind, and embodied the Journal visions of sickness or lunacy.

The fragments which follow, were found in an old trunk, in the corner of a garret in Cherry Street. We have taken some liberties with the original, where the writer raged or obscenity, or, indeed got into the middle of it. His indelicacies are many; we have endeavored to polish them only, by partly omitting them radically, without disfiguring the whole woof of his fables.

GÉGENES.

Book I. chap. I.

Innate irresistible things; things so irresistible in their nature, that any attempt to ascertain their possibility would but render them more terrible to the common credence of men. So it is with the doctrines of Calvin, which being to common perception, essentially absurd, can only be inculcated upon the belief either by confounding them with mystery, and administering the inconsistency in a coat of vapour, or by thundering

them down the throat with anathema but a mystery, and even a miracle, is far different from an absurdity. The imperfection of human language may occasion prima facie contradictions in terms, when there is nothing incompatible, and absurd in fact, in the principle expressed; and the same original power which gave birth to elemental matter, may control, give life and confound its operations. Nor have we any right to dispute the capability of spheres, finer than those of which we can conceive. But of what may be reduced to the strict meaning of words, and to substances and principles which are tangible, and the objects of understanding, we have an interest and indisputable right to judge; and ought to consider any person as insulting our reason, who would frighten us into a contrary creed, by the monstrous bellowings of damnation. Let no man then, with the mysteries and miracles which are the objects of faith, publish non absurdities, which cannot be so, simply because it is not in the power even of madness and fanaticism to believe that the same thing exist

and does not exist at the same given point of time. Those who profess to believe in what is not credible, can scarcely believe in that portion of their creed which is subject to the same charge. The reason pronounced by the other two, must render the whole mysterious; and they inflict this constraint on their intellectual man, with the same insensate folly which induces the Hindu or Moslem devotee to lacerate his body. The latter has known the most reason in his rule; since a reluctance of the animal nature, may render the spiritual more quick with holy passion, and unpolluted with the contamination of sin. Protestant in former days who carried this system further, and incapacitated themselves from participating in the enjoyments of sense, had more wisdom than a modern fatalist, who in the effort to construct an absurdity, emasculates the mind, and becomes unfit to continue and defend anything.

I say a modern fatalist; by which I mean one who asserts in one breath his power and his impotence; his free-

dom, and his utter incapacity of action. The events which lie in my memory have made me a convert to the gloomier doctrine, & should nature have placed me in the situation of the helpless mariner, who without an oar or rudder, drifts in a shell on a mighty ocean, I have learnt to regard with almost total indifference the vicissitudes of life and its final dissolution. Nay, I rather look forward to that period with a lively curiosity; convinced that the rational essence must survive the change of matter; and hoping to have the dark parts of my history then cleared up to my entire satisfaction.

But I do not write speculations, but facts. When I said my history was incredible, I should have said that it was not likely to be credited. There is nothing in it essentially contradictory, nothing that is inconsistent with the variety of the operations of nature. I have no anxiety to be believed; I satisfied with believing those things "all which I saw, and part of which I was." I will not reveal my story while I live, since I have no partiality for the atmosphere of the madhouse. Let Destiny

carry me there, if it is to be so. I will not interfere with its impulses. I shall not destroy this record however; and if found when I am let loose from this world, much profit may it do him who peruses it.

The secret of my creation is hidden from the world and myself. The first association coupled with my present existence, is that of noise and tumult. This, however is very indistinct, like that of one who is waked from sleep by the firing of a gun. My next distinct remembrance, is of an intense light, followed by blindness and a kind of trance. This was succeeded by an opening and shutting of the eyelids; the glare was less intense, but a confusion of images swam before me. By some instinct I moved my limbs, and crawled into a darker place. It was a kind of cavern among rocks. To the best of my recollection which is exceedingly indistinct. The memory of these first impressions on my senses, had not passed away like that of an infant; but I am unable

to contain in language those first unconnected impressions. To this stunning uproar, horror, and confusion of forms which swam before me, I attribute the fact that I am partially deaf, and have a peculiar and incorrigible squint in the left eye. I knew not how long I lay coiled up in my retreat, with my eyes shut before a feeling of existence came upon me; but, with that feeling, a kind of glimmering idea of precipitance stole into my mind. Sense of having been, of having felt the pulsations of life, and having before known the process of thought, came upon me with a feverish and undefinable instinctiveness, but connected with no precise associations. Partly under the influence of this sensation, but without the impulse of a rational conclusion, I again crept into the light. I stood upon my feet, reeled and fell; but arose again as cold as I was ere, staggering against a projection of rock. Here, with my eyes half shut, my mind bewildered, I remember that the undefinable of my thoughts was long agonizing and raging on madness. But by degrees my sight became correcter. I distinguished at a distance the beautiful verdure of fields, the rich foliage of trees, the crystal

flood of a stream, which I then thought was solid, a green swelling ascent, and beyond the brilliant glories of the western sky, flaming like one mighty carbuncle. The rest of the canopy pure: pure a clear unclouded azure. A cool breeze fanned my burning temples, and seemed to steal with balmy influence into the anguish of my brain. My heart ceased throbbing with its violence; my animal nature became tranquillized by the scene; for yet I could scarcely realize the intellectual principle within me. But by degrees an association of elapsed days was mingled with my perception of earth and heaven. I think that the reminiscence which followed, in some measure identified my notions of preexistence; but what particular circumstances were then conjured up by my imperfect memory, were as yet irrecoverably obliterated. Night descended fast around me, and the gloom of obscurity fell upon my soul, in unison with the gradual obscurity of nature. A sweet sleep stole over all my faculties, of how long duration I cannot tell; but when I woke, the day was far advanced.

Literary Journal -

Deep red in dusky mass reposes
Along the welkin's western line;
Above, the bending arch discloses
A topaz sea, but more divine, -
more powre, than all the hues, from earth
or seas or air, that have their birth;
Like the pellucid gold above,
The eternal citys pavement bright.
Higher, like gorgeous drapery thrown,
Before those flaming fields of light,

Fring'd with broad streaks of burnish'd gold,
Suspended clouds their depths unfold
Of purple deep and crimson hue.
Beyond, the vault of chastest blue,
Not luscious, as the fervid sky
Of fair but wanton Italy—
Nor darkly rich as nights domain—
But free from all the lust of passion's stain
As the mild eye of seraph blest—
Failing on mortal ken appears,
Fading into holier spheres.
Transparent as its hallow'd breast
Float infant clouds—where nèr the west,
Their skirts a saffron tinge disclose;
The farther borne from the rose,
Or from the hyacinthine streak
Or from the ruby's palest beam;
Fading with gradual tints more weak,
Like the last visions of a dream.
Last on the Zenith, fleeces white
As bleach'd on Amaranthine plains
Spread their thin store, silvery bright
Scatter'd o'er upper heaven's domains.
But in the South, of heavier dye
Huge, heaving mounds, sublimely high
Rear their tall ramparts o'er the sky.
Swart flames above their steeps aspire
In pyramids of dusky fire,

As from volcano's bosom sent
To wrap the kindling firmament;
While, o'er their spires, the writhing smoke
Seems radiant showers of sparks to cloak.
Dim and more dim, in shadows faint,
Reflecting clouds the pictures paint;
Till o'er the North, a sombre pall
Of sable purple blends them all.

Fond, fleeting tints, ere idle pen
With hues unborrowed from your own,
Can paint your glories, they are gone
And darkness veils you from my ken.
Farewell, your momentary power
O'er musing minstrels' fancied lore!
Ye give to heaven each lovely beam,
And leave this gloomy world to him!

II.

On The Poetical Character.

The Servant

In fiction's devious wilds the heart misled
To dull reality ungrateful turns
And substantial earth's broad plains unlovely spread
And days best beam with light ungrateful burns.

Yet not all fancy dreams most wild & bright
Are worth one day of comfort's calm routine
And simple truth arrayed in vestal white
Transcend her starry front and garments sheen.

And constant woman's fond & glowing kiss
With heaven's own workmanship of mortal charms
Is worth whole ages of imagined bliss,
Lost in ideal beauties airy arms.

The monster how that cloudy spectre bore
So rash Lèon, deem not half so vain,
As the fond progeny of minstrel lore,
Nurst in the womb of a distempered brain.

Why float then visions of delusive birth,
Before the wanderers on the wastes of time,
Ordained to tread the firm, unyielding earth,
Nor get the spires of heaven ecstatic climb.
Is it that the soul divine, a prisoner here
Beyond its dungeon bars essays to roam,
Or else the due progression to its sphere,
Sees forms & shadows of its destined home?
Or, lost to innocence, to truth, to Eden,
Did our dark sins not quench each early ray
But leave its broken beams to light unbidden
The sheguild mazes of the pilgrim's way.

III. Magna est veritas et prævalebit.

When serpent guile sweet-childhood's lips
With falsehood's blistering venom stings,
The untutor'd accent frequent trips,
Dark is the downward eye's eclipse
The scarlet-blush ill's mantle flings;
Tho' terror's direful horrors pall,
Mighty is truth and will prevail.

Where perjury at the Judgment seat
By damning guilt unmanled stood
Prepar'd the array of men to meet
The adjuror grasp'd, appeal'd to God
The opening hell of conscience yawns;
The morn beyond death's shadow dawns.
Guilt's pall and pomp's armour fail
Mighty is truth and will prevail.
Where murder's hands upon the heath
Had dug the lonely sufferer's grave;
And deem'd th' unhallow'd deed of death
None should avenge, as none could save -
The all seeing eye hath pierc'd the sod,
The all directing hand of God,
(However as chance blasphemed by man,)
Shall guide the inquiring step again;
Earth's echoes vast shall ring the tale,
Mighty is truth, and will prevail!

The Aeronaut.

When on his bed of burning coals,
The tortured unbeliever lies.
By him deceived what shrieking souls,
What guilty ghosts deluded rise!
And blasphemy with damning scrolls,
Writ in red fire, salutes his eyes!
Silent are all his haggard taunts,
In vain his follies he recants;
While scorpion damons round him rail,
Mighty is truth and will prevail.

Firm stands the eternal word revealed,
The covenant by a Savior sealed;
When heav'n like a scroll has furled,
When fades the fabric of the world,
When suns & stars and planets fail,
Mighty is truth, & will prevail!

To the Accounts.

Gent.n

The miserable state of the literary market has perhaps rarely been felt so much as it is at the present season. Our newspapers have in them nothing interesting; the ratification of the treaty with Spain is a subject insufficient in itself to create a general sensation; and the intelligence respecting

it, too meagre and unsatisfactory, to gratify
curiosity it may excite. Yellow
fever cannot be made a bugbear of sufficient magnitude to frighten us into attention. The dog days, we have reason to be grateful for the same are over. And though from habit, we may still see
peeping of inquisitive persons returning from the Newspaper offices, with
the last books of their peripatetic philosophy before them, from the woful
blankness of their visages it is easy
to discern the disappointment they
periodically experience. The responses
of their Journal nearly are all equally
unsatisfactory. Still there is nothing
new. Philip is neither dead nor
sick.

It is at such a season, that
if any thing worth reading should
appear from our press, people would
read it, from mere ennui; and a taste
for native literature might be generated. The town is most favorable for the

invocation of the muse, and the silence for hearing her strains.

But, alas! the stagnation of intellectual effort among us, is comparatively more hopeless than the dearth of intelligence. Even those Creations which probably justified the reputation of our American progenitors, have ceased for a long time past; and the public can only dispense with the customary effusions of their author, under the hope that he is now strongly bracing for more vigorous exertions.

We have, indeed, lately been refreshed by an arrival from the old world, of the Miscellanies of Tales of my Landlord. Fastidiousness towards Jedediah Cleishbotham, is exploded by long consent. Yet the general opinion seems to be, that in his concluding legend he has fallen as far below himself, except in two characters, Caleb and Dalgetty, as he surpasses all other

novelity, ancient or modern. Lord Byron, too, has favoured us with another intrigue, and a mistake ride, and a quizzical fragment, for the imperfections of which, his compliments of flattery to our Country are scarcely a sufficient atonement. And we are threatened with a new version of the debauchee in Germany, from the same pen. At least, so it is lawful to conjecture, from the title of the announced performance; Don Juan. If it be so, it is to be hoped, that having at length brought his hero, who has appeared under the different names of Giaour, Conrad, Lara &c to a proper place for the reception of all such unnatural creatures, the author will leave him finally, under the immediate protection of his Satanic majesty.

The rest of this essay is to be found printed in the Athenian Philogist

THE AERONAUT.

No Jan. 4th 1822.

Objecti membra poetæ.

I.

When the mild beamings of thine eye,
Or every gentler virtue tell,
When in thine heart sweet charity,
And kindlier thoughts & feelings dwell,
Why harshly deem me prone, to seek
The food for satire's surly vein,
To view fair things with glance oblique
And turn each moment's joy to pain?

'Tis the unhappy vice of age,
When soured by hope deferred too long,
Such warfare on mankind to wage,
And the world's plan interpret wrong.
Sad were his destiny, in youth,
Who thus forestalled the asperities
of
Of each deformity he studies
The prototype is there concealed.
Of social peace and joy the foe,
Foe of beauty, wit and truth,
He trembles & feels & shrinks in pain,
Shunned, as a moving pestilence.
For him no manly heart shall feel
Confiding friendship's sacred ties,
On him no glance of love shall steal
From radiant & unfathoming eyes.
To him is closed the ideal clime,
Where fancy rules & guards her realm,

Poetry

Where visions beauteous and sublime
In tears dissolve, in wonder whelm.
Those dreams he never shall partake,
His steps unhallowed ne'er shall press
The consecrated toll, where wake
Thoughts holy, pure and sapphireless.
To him is nature's tablet dark,
Her awful & her tender scenes
His jaundiced sight can never mark,
A veil of blackness intervenes.
Proud themes of history & of song
His frozen heart can never more,
Friendship in death & danger strong,
The patriot fire, the hero's lore.
Beyond the grave's eternal gloom
Extends the influence of his eye,
No tear shall glitter o'er his tomb,
No laureate chaplet crown his

bier!

Pualoma is written in an album in Providence.

II

French Epitaphs

1

This spotless marble to the earth is due
To one unsullied as its stainless hue;
Designed with sinless souls alone
to dwell
He did but look on life to say farewell
He touched its proffered chalice with
his lip,
The draught seemed bitter, & he would not
sip;
Outward looked to heaven's serene abode
And the pure soul aspired, Lucas with God.

2. Lucas

This fair white monument is due
To one who ne'er pollution knew,
Nor felt of sin save the power,
But perished on his natal hour.
The cup of life was proffered him,
He did but deign to touch the brim,
Then from the bitter draught with-
drew,
And to the unmoved bride earth adieu.

Rhyme Verses -

3

Same paraphrased -

What snow white marble do I see,
Emblem of spotless purity?
Here, haply, soon to earth consigned,
Lies infant innocence enshrined.
Ah yes! it was a being pure,
Whom ne'er did chilling blast endure;
But like the Ceres' midnight flower,
He bloomed & perished in an hour.
He did but touch, with one fond lip,
Life's chalice, sparkling at the brim,
But saw beneath, obscure & deep,
The dark and bitter poison swim.
Upward to heaven his gaze he bent,
Smiles to God the Spirit sent.
Sweet babe! more blest! the rugged clime,
And air impure of earth & time,
Gave but a landing place to thee,
Whereon thy footsteps lightly prest,
When the soul stirred its wings, and free,
Soared to the regions of the blest

III.

From the French.

Torn rudely from thy spray,
Where flits't thou thus away,
Sad leaf, so lone and sear?
I go, I mind not where;
For, since the tempest broke,
One day, my parent oak,
I wander thro' the air,
The winds inconstant bear,
I fly o'er hill & grove,
Thro' vales & plains I rove;
I neither fear, nor sigh,
Following my destiny;
My lot demands not grief;
I go, alike where goes
The petal of the rose,
And the frond laurel's leaf.

IV.

From La Solitaire.

O ye! by dark misfortune tried!
If e'er some kind unknown supplied

Poetry.

Your aunt, with consolation sweet,
Fell at the Solitary's feet!

But, shepherds beythe! who dearly fear
Mysterious powers, and quake to hear
The name of spectral, or the Grave,
Fly from the Solitary's cave!

Lovers, whom peace & hope forsook,
Tell to me kind god compassion took,
And at the altar trade ye meet,
Fall at the solitary's feet!

But ye by dubious terrors led,
Who secret powers regard with dread,
And horror there and crime espy,
Old man! the Solitary fly!

O ye whom in your humble cot,
Some hard unknown with many a sigh,
And lent the sufferer succour meet,
Fall at the Solitary's feet!

But should the veil of goodness hide,
A monster foul, with murder dyed,
Should, neath the flowers, a serpent lie
Virgins! the Solitary fly!

V.

Vale.

Tepely may favouring breezes blow,
& calmly the wave unruffled flow;
And ardent heaven benignant wear
Her summer smile & Spring fair,
Till safely on the wishing beach,
The bark that bears thee hence has past.

Propitious powers! my call attend!
From dangers all that bark defend!
Your care is due; for every gale
Whose pinions light shall waft the sail,
Will from the shores forsaken bear,
affection's vow, religious prayer;
And friendship's hope across the flood
Shall track the bounding rebel's way,
And for their safety, gratitude
& constant vigours will pay.

The Southern climes, where milder rays
Illumed with genial ardors glow,
Where neer the white wing'd deluge flies,
But fragrant, vernal breezes blow,

Fugitive Poetry.

While, on the storm careering, here
Stern winter locks the closing year,—
Hygeia! be thou present there!
Breathe life through all the balmy
air,
To beauty's cheek its tints restore,
Inspire of health to virtue's heart,
and may, brief term of absence o'er,
Thy grateful votaress thence depart.

And thou, Apollo! who, if right
old fables tell, didst once profess
Once skill in leechcraft, hear to night
The latest prayer I'll e'er address!
Ask thee not for wandering bays,
For vain renown, or heartless praise;
But in thy fiery car upborne,
When thro' the golden gates of morn
Thou climb'st in heaven,—thy tempered
ray,
Shed through the glittering realms of day,
Health giving, genial beams afford
To her, for whom my prayer is poured,

Her cherished life, O late prolong,
Bright God of medicine, light & song!
And ever I will worship thee,
Will own thy true divinity!.